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Photo *Study by Artistophot Co.*

Oh, little maid, upon your lip
Why place that chubby finger tip,
And strive with gesture and with eye
To make us think that you are shy?
For large upon your face is writ:
"I am not shy one little bit."

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"A DEAD HEAT."

From the Painting by Arthur Elsley.

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The Leopard Skin.

A delightful portrait of childish reluctance to face a skin rug.

THE CHILD IN ART.

A Glimpse of the Charms and Trials of Child Portraiture.

By Lenore Van der Veer.

Painting children from year's end to year's end is not the happiest lot that can fall to an artist, yet its doing has charms all its own.

Children are full of surprises and the unexpected, to say nothing of their endless variety of chatter, which is in itself a whole philosophy of life.

An artist who has painted children for over thirty years once told me that the most sensible feminine conversationalist he had ever known was a little girl of four summers.

Judging from her, in his opinion, the brain of womankind reaches its full state of development at four years of age, instead of at sixteen, as the French scientists will have it.

Little boys are less brilliant, of course, most of them floundering about, trying to grasp successive waves of fleeting intelligence, until well on into their teens, while some few have been known to keep up the hopeless task long after the proud advent of whiskers.

Despite all the wear and tear on an artist's patience, there can be no getting away from the fact that boys and girls are the most interesting little specimens under the twentieth century sun to paint.

Children of to-day have shown themselves quite capable of keeping up with the advanced age into which the Fates have chosen to throw them, and one is rarely surprised on finding them capable of giving fairly logical opinions on points long despaired of by the wiseacres of all times.

At an art exhibition the other day I was attracted by a small boy of some six or seven years, whose endless volley of questions about the pictures kept his mother and nurse on the rack throughout the whole of the exhibition.

He wanted to know the whys and the wherefores of every picture that caught his fancy, and I doubt if the entire body of the world's historians and philosophers combined could have been equal to his cross-examination.

He reminded me of a little girl model I saw in Mr. Isaac Snowman's studio, who, the

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The Wee Hostess

artist told me, never stopped asking questions from the time she came in the morning until she went home in the evening.

Mr. Snowman said that she had improved his sense of observation tenfold, and that really he felt ashamed of how little he actually knew about the things in his own studio.

She wanted to know why the canary had feathers instead of fur to keep it warm, and why it jumped when it walked instead of stepping as she did. Did the artist think it was a whistle or a box that it had in its inside to make the music it did? and could the music be taken out?

An old gentleman called one day, and after he had gone she asked the artist in the most concerned way why he hadn't any hair on his head, and if he didn't like to have any! If he asked God wouldn't He send him some?

She wanted to know where the hangings in his studio came from, and if the peacocks on them had ever been alive, or had always lived on curtains, and if they never got tired of hanging like that all the time.

One day a poor woman with a little baby in her arms called at the studio to talk to Mr. Snowman about sitting to him with the baby.

After she went out the little model wanted to know if the woman kept the baby so as to have pictures made of it.

Mr. Snowman has spent much time in Algiers, and thinks the Algerian children are the most beautiful in the world, particularly from the painter's point of view, for they have such full, rich colouring, and look for all the world like the pictures of the old masters come to life.

The dark, rich skins of these little people, made ruddy almost to bronze by the sun, make the little English children seem very

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The New Master.

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The Wedding Morn.

A typical example of Mr. Snowman's pictures of charming women.

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The Bracelet.

A pretty conception of a young girl's pride in a gift from her lover.

washed out and colourless in comparison. Their eyes are wonderful, too—so round, and such a soft brown in colour.

Even youths of sixteen or so have faces and forms as delicate and graceful as a child's.

When painting a beautiful young girl of fifteen years old, the artist had a lot of worry getting her mother to send her for the sittings, though he offered to pay well for them.

At last, one day he took a native Arab round to the house to explain to her that she must send the girl every day until the picture was finished.

Then it came out that the mother did not like the idea of the girl's sitting to have her picture painted by the artist unless he would *buy* her. If he thought her daughter so beautiful why didn't he pay her mother 500 francs for her?

Finally the artist managed successfully to dodge the question of purchase by saying that he would consider the matter, only in the meantime the girl must come regularly for the sittings, and when he had fully decided he would call to talk over the offer with the mother.

This visit of Mr. Snowman to Algeria was something of an adventure, as it came about in answer to an order to paint a portrait of the old ex-cannibal King of Dahomey, then in exile, and whose death occurred last winter, before the portrait was finished.

The artist confesses to having experienced some little trepidation on accepting the commission for the portrait, as he had already heard how his Royal sitter had once dined sumptuously off a fine specimen of a French minister during the halcyon days before he was taken prisoner.

Would he be likely to fancy an English artist as a special table delicacy for his Algerian ménage, Mr. Snowman reflected cheerfully, as he bowed before His August Majesty the day of the first sitting.

Time after time he was pressed to have lunch with the King and his quartette of wives, but he always considered it better to decline, though he fully appreciated what a treat it would have been to be a guest at a

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luncheon served on the floor, and in the company of a lord of creation surrounded by four doting spouses.

During most of the sittings the old King's favourite wife would stand beside his chair, and whenever he coughed, for he had a bad cold, she would clap one hand over his mouth and the other one over his throat, believing that in this way she could "frighten away the little devil that was after him."

Before leaving Algeria Mr. Snowman made a number of studies from the Arab children, though it was not an easy matter to get the natives to understand what it was he wanted of the little ones; one mother persisting that he wanted to put the paint *on the baby's body* instead of on the canvas, while another poor mother cried over and hugged the little one when she left it in the studio the first day, seeming fully convinced that the artist intended to adopt it for good.

Mr. Snowman is often put to his wits' end to know how to interest the little folks that come to sit to him, for unless they are interested they fall asleep or become too restless to work from.

Boys are much more difficult to entertain than girls, and seem to be more full of energy and restlessness. One little fellow of six appeared to be on wires and never kept still a moment.

The artist asked him one day what he would like to be when he grew up, and he answered enthusiastically:

"I'd like best to be an omnibus horse. It must be such fun to go pulling big things like omnibuses all day."

Another little chap thought that to be a postman must be the nicest thing of all, because then "he could be out in the mud all day and not get licked for it."

A small boy whose father was a colonel in

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Ripe Fruit.

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Battles Long Ago.

the army, was sitting for his portrait, and one day his father called at the studio with a friend of his to see how the picture was coming on.

The friend was a very short man, and as is the way of short people, he was very sensitive on the point. With the perversity of the small boy for saying the wrong thing, the youngster stood eyeing the strange visitor, and then remarked suddenly: "My papa's bigger nor you!"

The colonel managed to squelch his offending offspring for the nonce, but a few minutes later he marched up to the little man again and blurted out: "I've seen boys bigger nor you, and no s'whiskers on!"

Professional models are the only satisfactory sort of children to paint from, for while one's friends' children may be very pretty and intelligent, the mothers will always insist on dressing them in finery, and finery never looks worse than when transferred to canvas.

An artist must keep an eye open for attractive little children in the poor quarters of the town, and when he finds one he likes he can follow it home and make the necessary negotiations for the sittings.

Sometimes the mother will snap back in answer to his queries that she "cannot afford to have the baby painted," and slam the door in his face, thinking he is a canvasser for "crayon portraits," but then if one baby or so fails him there are always plenty of others just as pretty and paintable.

Most poor mothers are only too glad to have the extra shillings coming in, and also the care of the infant taken off their shoulders for the time being.

Five shillings a day for the loan of a baby is not to be despised when money is scarce, and many a poor little tot helps to earn the family living long before she can either walk or talk.

In spite of the many difficulties it involves, child portraiture is without a doubt one of the most fascinating branches of a fascinating art.

Moreover, difficulties were made to be overcome, and the satisfaction of having painted a really good child-portrait more than outweighs the incidental trouble.

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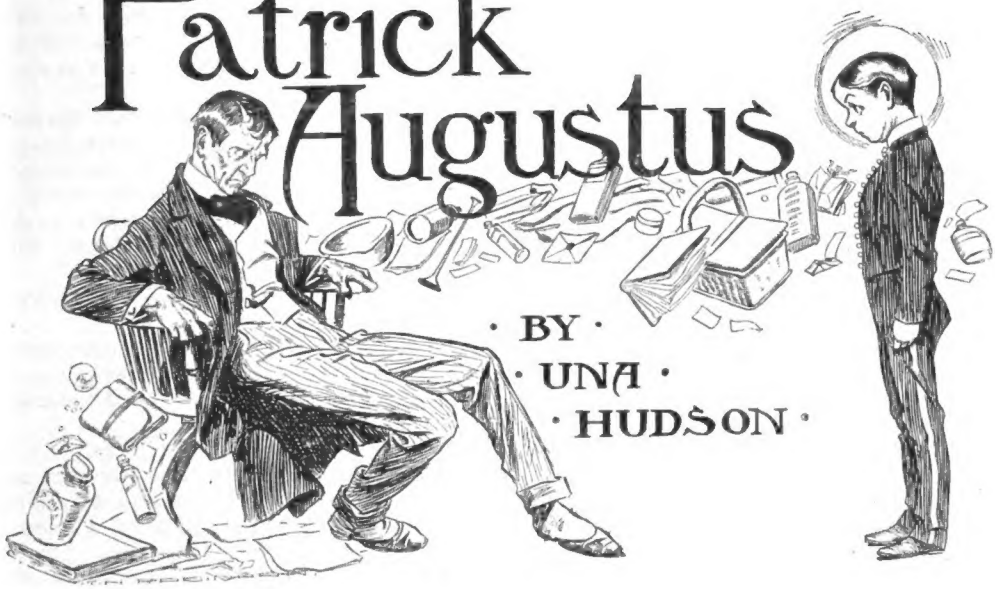
Patrick Augustus



· BY ·
· UNA ·
· HUDSON ·

The Story of a Too-Perfect Page-Boy.

I.

Lest there should arise a misapprehension in the minds of the readers of this tale we think it best to state that it is not set forth with a view to discouraging philanthropy.

It is merely a faithful recital of Dr. Ballard's first and last attempt in that direction.

Like most, or at least a large part, of man's misfortunes, it was directly traceable to a woman. Her name was Theodora Ferris, and she was the doctor's *fiancée*.

Finding time heavy on her hands while she waited for the doctor to achieve a practice sufficiently lucrative to enable him to support her in the same luxury as she had been accustomed to, she took up settlement work. At least, that was what Theodora called it. Her family, individually and collectively, turned up its nose and made unpleasant remarks concerning slumming.

The doctor loyally backed up Theodora, which was really nice considering that the number of charity patients she brought him made it extremely difficult for him to find time to attend properly the paying ones he had gathered in by his own efforts.

The doctor discovered Patrick Augustus when, at Theodora's request, he went to treat a whole family for nervous prostration. They all had it but Patrick Augustus. That they recovered with amazing rapidity immediately upon the removal of the boy the doctor at first regarded merely as a coincidence. Later on he recognised it as a case of cause and effect.

Patrick Augustus had many admirable qualities. He was the soul of neatness and the very essence of order. It was because his hair was always brushed and his hands invariably clean that the doctor had first been attracted to him. Also he was respectful in his manners, and he remembered to take off his cap in the house. He was, Dr. Ballard decided, exactly what he had been looking for in the way of a page-boy.

The doctor had feared that his plans for the advancement of Patrick Augustus might meet with some opposition from the relatives once or twice removed with whom the boy made his home.

But there was none. On the contrary, they closed with the doctor's offer of bed and board and a small weekly salary with a haste that was little short of indecent.

The doctor feared that they did not appreciate Patrick Augustus. Later on he was sure of it.

The first day Patrick Augustus spent in

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tidying up the reception-room. He straightened the rugs, arranged the magazines on the table in a neat little pile that none of the doctor's patients thereafter ever dared disturb, and placed the chairs in a row against the wall.

Then he hunted up the parlour-maid and told her that the windows needed cleaning. The parlour-maid was a person with a very considerable temper, most of which she used on Patrick Augustus.

Patrick Augustus listened respectfully, and when she had quite finished asked her when the windows would be.

The parlour-maid regretted having already said all there was to say, because now there seemed nothing left save to mention nine o'clock the following morning. Which she did, and afterwards wondered how it had come about.

That same day Dr. Ballard went into his consulting-room and found Patrick Augustus setting his desk to rights.

Now the doctor was in the habit of clearing up his desk semi-annually. At other times he simply burrowed in the mass of documents with which it was covered until he found what he wanted. It filled his soul with consternation to find everything neatly pigeonholed or tucked away in drawers.

He remonstrated with Patrick Augustus feelingly and at considerable length. Patrick Augustus listened attentively, picked up a stray scrap of paper from the floor, and every day thereafter made it a part of his day's work to put the desk in apple-pie order.

He rearranged the doctor's books and set his drugs in neat little rows, the big bottles at the back carefully tapering down to the little ones in front.

The doctor was in the habit of making up his own prescriptions, and he very nearly murdered a helpless infant and a young woman who wanted something to quiet her nerves before he became accustomed to Patrick Augustus' improved classification.

The doctor began to lose flesh and appetite. His forehead fell into worried creases and his eyes had a hunted look. When the effort to live up to Patrick Augustus, since Patrick Augustus could not be induced to live down to him, had reduced him to a condition bordering on nervous breakdown, he pocketed his pride and went in search of the relatives with whom he had first found Patrick Augustus. But they had moved, and had far-sightedly neglected to leave behind them their new address.

II.

"If you please, sir," said Patrick Augustus, "there's a man slipped on the ice outside, and they're bringing him into the reception-room. I think he's broken his leg."

Dr. Ballard turned quickly from the table where he had been making up prescriptions.

"Here, Patrick Augustus," he said rapidly, "get the stickphast and stick the labels on these bottles. They forgot to put gum on that last lot they sent, confound them! Each label is lying beside the bottle it's to go on."

He thrust his hand into his trousers pocket and drew out a shilling.

"Here's your tram-fare, Patrick Augustus. When you've fixed the labels I want you to deliver the medicine. Names and addresses are on the labels."

"Yes, sir," said Patrick Augustus.

The doctor caught up his instrument case and went out, slamming the door after him. It had been open but a fraction of a second, yet that was quite long enough for a frolicsome wind to rush in and whisk the labels away from their respective bottles and on to the floor.

Patrick Augustus picked them up and read them through carefully. One bore the name of Mrs. A. Milton-Hibberd, and called for a teaspoonful every two hours. The other was for Mr. Beverley Turner, and demanded three drops in water once an hour.

Patrick Augustus looked at the labelless bottles. One was slightly larger than the other. Obeying the prompting of a naturally logical mind he pasted Mrs. Milton-Hibberd's label on the larger bottle, and Mr. Turner's on the smaller.

Then he put on his cap, pulled it well down over his ears, wound his muffler about his throat, buttoned up his overcoat, and went to deliver the medicines.

When he came back the short winter day was already drawing to a close.

Dr. Ballard's last patient had come and gone.

"Well, Patrick Augustus," he said, "you delivered the medicines?"

"Yes, sir," said Patrick Augustus. "The wind," he explained, with perhaps unnecessary elaboration, "blew the labels off the table when you went out, but I picked them up and pasted them on all right."

The doctor leapt towards Patrick Augustus and grabbed him by the shoulder.

"*What!*" he roared.

Patrick Augustus imperturbably repeated his previous statement.

"And how," demanded the doctor, "do

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"And how," demanded the doctor, "do you know you got the right label on the right bottle?"

you know you got the right label on the right bottle?"

"Because," said Patrick Augustus, "I put the label that called for the bigger dose on the bigger bottle."

Dr. Ballard groaned. He never could remember trifling details. There might have been a difference in the sizes of those bottles. Patrick Augustus said so, and Patrick Augustus undoubtedly knew. But for the life of him he could not remember into which bottle he had put Mrs. Milton-Hibberd's medicine.

Mrs. Milton-Hibberd was, or thought she was, subject to periodical attacks of nerves. Her medicine had been a simple and harmless soothing potion, while Mr. Turner's—well, if Mrs. Milton-Hibberd's label had been put on Mr. Turner's bottle and Mrs. Milton-Hibberd had been given a teaspoonful of Mr. Turner's medicine, there was rather more than a very strong probability that Mrs. Milton-Hibberd had received a ticket to another world.

Dr. Ballard would have liked to tell Patrick Augustus all the things he thought of him, but there wasn't time. He rushed to the telephone. After what seemed a well-nigh endless delay he got Mrs. Milton-Hibberd's nurse on the wire.

Yes, the medicine had been delivered. Yes, Mrs. Milton-Hibberd had been given a dose and was sleeping quietly.

"Wake her up," yelled the distraught doctor into the transmitter. "If you can," he added mentally. "Give her white of egg and mustard and tepid water." Dr. Ballard knew the nature of Mr. Turner's medicine, and felt that he couldn't afford to take chances on its having gone where it should have. "You understand, Miss Wilkins?" he ended anxiously.

There was no answer.

"Miss Wilkins," he called frenziedly, "oh, Miss Wilkins!" Then, "Exchange, exchange, why have you cut us off?"

"I haven't cut you off." Exchange was righteously indignant. "I suppose the line's down. You know this storm——"

Dr. Ballard waited to hear no more. He dropped the receiver and turned on Patrick Augustus.

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"Run over to the garage," was his command, "and tell them to get my car here, *quick*."

Patrick Augustus ran. In a surprisingly short time he was back.

"It's at the door, sir," he panted.

The doctor thrust an envelope into his hand. "Take it to Miss Ferris," he directed.

It was merely a hasty scrawl telling Theodora that, owing to urgent professional matters, he would be unable to keep the engagement he had made with her for that evening.

Dr. Ballard's car was only a small, second-hand affair and not supposed to possess any of the qualities of a racing machine, but under the doctor's frenzied direction it accomplished wonders and landed him at the Milton-Hibberds' very ornate front door in a really incredibly short time.

Miss Wilkins met him in the hall.

"I rather thought you'd be out," she said. "The telephone——"

"She's alive?" was the doctor's very astonishing greeting.

The nurse's eyebrows went up. "If you mean Mrs. Milton-Hibberd," said she, "good gracious, yes."

"The medicine!" raved the doctor, "the medicine I sent. Where is it? Let me see it *at once!*"

Miss Wilkins was no sylph, but something of the doctor's panic had communicated itself to her, and she turned and fairly flew up the stairs.

Panting and breathless she dashed into Mrs. Milton-Hibberd's room and out again.

The doctor was waiting for her just outside the door. He snatched the bottle from her hand and with shaking fingers drew out the cork. He sniffed at the contents.

"I might have known," he said (but under his breath, lest Mrs. Milton-Hibberd should hear), "that Patrick Augustus couldn't make a mistake even if he tried."

Miss Wilkins stood aloof and regarded him coldly.

"Doctor," she said suspiciously, "those were emetics you ordered. What does it all mean?"

The doctor writhed, very much after the fashion of a helpless beetle impaled on the point of a pin. He had always held firmly to the belief that it is not wise to tell all you know. But because there seemed no help for it he motioned Miss Wilkins further down the hall and took her into his confidence.

He rounded out his recital by a question concerning the white of eggs and mustard and water.

"I always obey orders," said Miss Wilkins with an air of conscious virtue that, under the circumstances, was irritating in the extreme.

"And—how is she?" questioned the doctor, as one who fears the worst.

Something as nearly akin to a grin as a lady may with propriety indulge in distorted Miss Wilkins' features.

"Well," she said, "it isn't her nerves she's worrying about just now."

The doctor groaned.

"What explanation can I possibly make to her?" he demanded tragically.

"Tell her it's somebody or other's new cure for nervous trouble," Miss Wilkins suggested promptly.

Members of the same profession must stand together or they are likely to find themselves abandoned in the same ditch.

The doctor made a wild gesture in the direction of the sick-room.

"I'd rather face my heaviest creditor than her," he confided in a whisper.

"Miss Wilkins," broke in the querulous voice of Mrs. Milton-Hibberd, "Miss Wilkins, where are you?"

Miss Wilkins promptly fled to the patient.

"If that telephone won't work," Dr. Ballard heard her say, "you can just send John for Dr. Ballard."

"The doctor is here," said Miss Wilkins smoothly. "He's just come."

"Then why doesn't he come in?" demanded Mrs. Milton-Hibberd. "Is he afraid to?"

It was not an auspicious cue for his entrance, but such as it was the doctor was forced to take it.

He approached his patient with an air that he realised to his horror was positively fawning.

"My dear Mrs. Milton-Hibberd," he fairly purred, "how are you?"

Mrs Milton-Hibberd lay back among her pillows and glared at him.

"Dr. Ballard," she snapped, "I wish you'd explain this outrage—if you can," she added pointedly.

The doctor tried to look as though he hadn't in the least understood what she meant.

"It's—it's Prof. Lester's new cure for nervous troubles," he stammered. "It's—it's just been introduced into this country."

"And it's proving highly successful," supplemented Miss Wilkins.

Miss Wilkins had an unquenchable sense of humour.

Mrs. Milton-Hibberd's glare included the nurse. Mrs. Milton-Hibberd might have a

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penchant for fancying herself the victim of nerves, but she was no fool.

"You're sure," she hurled at the doctor, "there was nothing wrong with that medicine you sent me?"

"Quite positive," said Dr. Ballard. But he punctuated the words with a nervous jump. The feminine habit of jumping at conclusions can be very embarrassing at times.

Mrs. Milton-Hibberd eyed him narrowly.

"Humph!" she said.

"There could be no mistake," Dr. Ballard enlarged, plucking up courage. "I prepare my medicines myself."

"Better men than you have been known to make mistakes," said Mrs. Milton-Hibberd, "and I'm not taking chances twice——not if I'know it. In the future we'll look elsewhere for a family physician."

"Oh, but, Mrs. Milton-Hibberd,"—— protested Miss Wilkins, loyal to the finish.

"You can go, too."

"And," continued Mrs. Milton-Hibberd, "send my maid to me. She can take care of me until I can secure a *nurse*."

It was the unkindest cut of all.

Miss Wilkins' cheeks were very red and her eyes sparkled ominously as she followed Dr. Ballard from the room. In the hall she turned on him.

"Catch me nursing for *you* again!" she said.

"Don't worry," Dr. Ballard retorted in kind. "You'll never get the chance."

Further down the hall a door opened and a young woman swept out. She was Mr. Milton-Hibberd's sister, a trifle over-dressed perhaps, but undeniably pretty and smart.

"Oh, Dr. Ballard," she cried, "are you just leaving? And you came in your motor, didn't you? I wonder if I might ask a very great favour of you? You see," she explained, patting her frills into place, "I'm due at the Anstruthers' for dinner, and Alan doesn't like the horses taken out in such weather. And our chauffeur has a most terrible cold, so I thought perhaps you — that is, if it wouldn't be taking you too far out of your way——?"

Miss Milton-Hibberd's voice lifted suggestively. She sent the doctor a melting glance from under her long black lashes.

Now Miss Theodora Ferris was of a jealous and volcanic temperament. So it will readily be seen that there existed a potent and not-to-be-ignored reason why the doctor did not wish to appear in public as the escort of Miss Milton-Hibberd.

But on the other hand Miss Milton-Hibberd might not unnaturally be expected to have some influence with her sister-in-law. And Dr. Ballard did not feel that he was in a position to lose any patient who might by the exercise of a little tact and diplomacy be retained.

So he almost looked as though he meant it when he assured Miss Milton-Hibberd that nothing could give him greater pleasure than to see her safely to the front door of the Anstruthers' house.

"Oh, thank you *so much!*" gushed Miss Milton-Hibberd. "I've been worrying all day for fear I couldn't get there."

She dashed back into her room and reappeared a moment later wrapped in a fur motoring coat.

"Marie," called the voice of Mrs. Milton-Hibberd, "Marie, if you are going to town"—to have avoided hearing the colloquy between her sister-in-law and the doctor Mrs. Milton-Hibberd must have been deaf—"I wish you would stop and ask Dr. McPherson to come out to see me."

Miss Milton-Hibberd's cheeks flamed. She sent the doctor a glance that was at once beseeching and apologetic.

"Yes, Alys," she said, as the easiest way out of an awkward dilemma.

Miss Milton-Hibberd had never even tried to disguise from herself that her brother's wife was possessed of a positively vicious temper. And Dr. Ballard was young and distinctly good-looking. All the way down the stairs Miss Milton-Hibberd's softly murmured words of regret and sympathy floated back to him.

"Alys," she told him as he placed her carefully in the car, "is in a temper. And I'm sure she doesn't mean half the things that she thinks she does."

Dr. Ballard devoutly hoped that such might be the case. He gave Miss Milton-Hibberd a grateful look, and spent considerably more time than was absolutely necessary tucking the rug about her.

So consoling was Miss Milton-Hibberd that very soon the doctor began almost to forget his late encounter with Mrs. Milton-Hibberd.

It was then that the car began to show temper.

It came to a standstill just where the snow, if not deepest, was at least dirtiest and coldest. Dr. Ballard got out and poked gingerly and experimentally at such of its insides as could be reached while maintaining an upright position.

As the moments flew by and he failed to

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make any impression on it Miss Milton-Hibberd's demeanour passed from warm encouragement to cold disdain.

Finally: "There simply is no depending on these cheap motor-cars," she said.

Now, you may with comparative impunity slander a man's wife, malign his best friend and call him all the different kinds of fool and knave you can think of; but if you so much as intimate that his motor-car is a cheap one something is bound to happen.

Dr. Ballard glared at Miss Milton-Hibberd with all the fervour that regretted that she was not a man so that he might fittingly respond to that most unkind gibe.

As it was he turned up his coat collar, and heedless of present personal discomfort and possible dire consequences in the near future he dived under the machine.

That little rivulets of muddy water trickled down inside his collar, and that his ears were filled with snow was a matter of small moment. The one important thing was to get that motor going and to vindicate his own judgment in having bought it.

But there was to be no vindication that day. After a considerable interval the doctor emerged stiffly. He was very cold, very wet, and, not to put too fine a point on it, very cross.

"Well?" questioned Miss Milton-Hibberd.

"It won't go," snapped the doctor.

"I'm not at all surprised," observed Miss Milton-Hibberd. "These cheap——"

The doctor dared not trust himself to wait to hear more. He sprinted down the street, calling over his shoulder as he went: "I'm going to the nearest public call office to telephone for a carriage."

To be obliged to wait shivering in a stranded motor-car, the butt of the jokes of all stray passers-by, would surely sour the sweetest disposition. When Dr. Ballard came back his temper and Miss Milton-Hibberd's were as flint and steel.

"The line is down," he announced shortly.

"I'm not surprised," said Miss Milton-Hibberd in the martyred tone that is so trying to masculine nerves. "*Nothing* would surprise me to-day—except for this car to go."

Dr. Ballard kicked viciously at the snow. But there seemed to be nothing to say that might not better be left unsaid. So he said it.

"Well," demanded Miss Milton-Hibberd sharply, "well, what are you going to do?"

"I might," the doctor ventured doubtfully, "leave you here while I go for a carriage."

"No, you don't," snapped the lady. "It's getting dark, and I'm afraid."

"Then," said Dr. Ballard, "we'll have to walk to the nearest tram."

"It's half-a-mile off," wailed Miss Milton-Hibberd, "and I've no goloshes."

But she recognised the inevitable when she met it. She climbed out of the motor-car and set her neat, French-heeled, patent-leathered feet into the snow bank that seemed waiting for her. The snow, being new-fallen and soft, promptly closed over the trim shoes and came well up over Miss Milton-Hibberd's silk-stockinged ankles.

"Ugh!" she shivered.

Before she had walked fifty yards her feet were numb with cold, and she was forced to accept the support of Dr. Ballard's arm.

As they went on she leant more and more heavily on him, and though neither of them intended it so, and certainly they did not feel that way, yet to a casual observer they presented the appearance of being absolutely devoted to each other.

Which was most unfortunate considering that they came face to face with Miss Theodora Ferris, who was in the act of alighting from the tram that they wished to take.

The doctor could not enter into an explanation then and there, but he sent her a look that ought to have melted all the snow in the street. It had, however, about as much effect as a dog whip applied to a ton of granite.

From the look on Theodora's face he knew that if he did not find her engagement ring waiting for him when he reached his home it would only be because the messenger boy had proved unfaithful to his trust.

As well as she could Miss Milton-Hibberd drew her cold feet up under her and vouchsafed never a word to lighten the gloom. Once only during the ride did she speak.

"We will get off at State Street," she said icily. "Alys wants Dr. McPherson to call."

There was a moment of embarrassment at Dr. McPherson's. The good man believed himself called in for a consultation, and Dr. Ballard was forced to explain that it was far otherwise.

But it did not matter. Nothing mattered now save to get his hands on Patrick Augustus, the cause of all his woes.

Even the certainty that Miss Milton-Hibberd, now safely inside Miss Anstruther's comfortably warmed, brightly lighted front hall, was putting his conduct in the worst possible light affected him not at all.

He yearned only for Patrick Augustus and revenge. Though, as in a saner mood he

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walked towards his house and thought the matter over, it was borne in upon him that he could not in common justice take it out of Patrick Augustus.

Patrick Augustus had done no wrong. For the matter of that he never did. Patrick Augustus had not mixed the medicines. He had distinctly stated that he had not, and he was not, Dr. Ballard was forced to admit, to blame that he, the doctor, had assumed that a mistake had been made and that he had acted accordingly.

Patrick Augustus was simply one of those people who possess the faculty of being always right themselves, and of making others feel like fools and act like idiots.

Dr. Ballard, feeling that most miserable of all mortals, a person with a grievance and no one to blame but himself, went slowly up the steps to his front door. In the hall a messenger boy rose to greet him. He extended a note, heavy and knobby at one end of the envelope. The envelope was addressed by his *fiancée*.

"Does he affect you like that, too?" he inquired in a husky whisper.

Without a word Dr. Ballard thrust the note into his pocket. He knew what the hard lump was in the envelope, and he felt that he could make a fairly accurate guess as to the written contents.

"Gentleman in the drawing-room to see you, sir," said the maid, appearing suddenly before him.

The man the doctor found waiting had a furtive air and the look of one who would jump at a sudden noise.

"I'm Patrick Augustus' father, sir," he said "and——"

"What!" Dr. Ballard fairly shouted. "Patrick Augustus' *father!*" The doctor had been under the impression that Patrick Augustus was an orphan. Certainly the boy had never made mention of a living parent.

Patrick Augustus' father passed his hand nervously across his mouth.

"I've been away," he explained, "for my health. Nervous prostration, sir."

The doctor nodded sympathetically.

"Yes," he said, "I quite understand." Which was true.

"I got back last night," resumed the other. "And the Browns"—the Browns were the relatives with whom Dr. Ballard had found Patrick Augustus—"the Browns told me Patrick Augustus was with you, sir, and so I came——

"To get Patrick Augustus," Dr. Ballard finished joyfully.

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The father of Patrick Augustus eyed him reproachfully.

"No, sir," he demanded, "I'm not a man who would interfere with his son's prospects. They told me Patrick Augustus was doing very well with you, sir. They said perhaps you might want to adopt him. I just called to say you could and welcome. That is—I mean—well, I don't want to interfere with Patrick Augustus' prospects, sir."

"But, my good man," Dr. Ballard warmly expostulated, "consider the duties of a father—the—the privileges. Yes, the privileges. Talk about a mother's love and influence. It—it isn't a patch on a father's."

"Do I," queried Dr. Ballard's visitor in hurt tones, "do I understand that you want to *get rid of* Patrick Augustus, sir?"

"Oh, not get rid of him," Dr. Ballard defended himself weakly. "But a change now for Patrick Augustus—"

"Or for you, sir?" suggested the father of Patrick Augustus. He hitched his chair a trifle nearer. "Does he affect you like that, too?" he inquired in a husky whisper. "And why, *why* is it? He's a good boy."

"That's just it," said Dr. Ballard eagerly. "He's so—so—so—I mean so abnormally perfect. Why, just to-night he's got me into the worst scrape of my life, a culminating series of the worst scrapes," said Dr. Ballard, his woes heavy on him. "And all because he couldn't make a mistake even if he tried."

"I know, sir," said the father of Patrick Augustus feelingly. "I know. I—I've been there."

He lapsed into gloomy silence.

"Well," queried Dr. Ballard, "what's to be done?"

It was the maid's voice that answered him. "It's Patrick Augustus," she announced at Dr. Ballard's elbow.

Both men jumped fully a foot.

"He said he couldn't stop."

Each man drew so deep a breath of relief that he failed to hear the other's sigh of satisfaction.

"He left a note," went on the maid.

She extended an envelope to Dr. Ballard. He opened it, read the pencilled lines, and passed it on to the boy's father.

It was a communication such as only Patrick Augustus could have achieved.

"I put £2 in the top right-hand pigeon-hole of your desk. After you had gone Mrs. Hilton came in and paid £2 10s. I kept 10s., because that is what you owe me, and I could not wait for you to come back and pay me, for Mr. Lowry wants me to go away with him to-night. He says you won't mind if I leave without notice.—PATRICK AUGUSTUS."

Dr. Ballard was quite openly and shamelessly elated. Patrick Augustus' father coughed nervously and moved his chair uneasily.

"Mr. Lowry?" he questioned faintly. "Is—is he all right, sir?"

He hoped that his duty to Patrick Augustus would not necessitate a request for the boy's return, but he feared that it might.

"Is he all right!" joyfully exclaimed Dr. Ballard. "Rather! He's head and front of the Juvenile Improvement Association. Probably wants Patrick Augustus for Exhibit A."

Patrick Augustus' father's face relaxed in a relieved smile.

"Then," said he, "I won't interfere."

"I wouldn't," counselled Dr. Ballard.

He followed the man to the door and shook hands warmly at parting.

"Meeting you," he said, "has been a very great pleasure."

Patrick Augustus' father was not without a sense of humour.

"Yes, sir," he agreed, "there are two of us in the same boat."

"Soon," said Dr. Ballard, "there'll be three." Then he chuckled.

He was still chuckling inanely to himself when he went up to his room.

True, he had lost his most proficient nurse and his best paying patient; his motor was stranded out in the suburbs; he had gained the undying enmity of Miss Milton-Hibberd; and his *fiancée* had sent back his ring.

But these were mere trifling misfortunes that time could safely be trusted to ameliorate if not to eradicate. He was rid of Patrick Augustus, and that was all that really mattered.

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The Best Toys For Children

One of the less expensive models is an expanded flower-head of an ox-eye daisy which opens down the middle to exhibit the form of the receptacle and arrangement of the florets.

How Natural History may be Taught by Beautifully Constructed Models of Animals, Insects, and Flowers Models, Which, When Taken to Pieces, Display the Interior Anatomy of the Objects, and Show How the Wheels of Life Go Round.

By Marcus Woodward.

In the study of Nature it is not enough to know the outside of things. The student must peer deeply beneath the surface, he must pull the petals from the rose to reveal the hidden organs, he must dissect the fly and master its anatomy, before he can hope to understand the mystery of the flower's or insect's life.

This tearing away of the modest veil of Nature is shuddering work. The boy who finds a dead mole, and removes the skin with his old pocket-knife, in order to see with his own eyes the great muscles beneath the smooth velvet, *may* be engaged in a praiseworthy task, but only a Spartan mother would encourage it. Advanced students of biology find the work of dissection difficult, tedious, and unpleasant. It is here that the natural model finds its opportunity.

The natural model, as made by Montaudon of Paris, Osterloh of Leipzig, or Brendel of Berlin, aims to reproduce all sorts of forms of life in plaster of Paris, as nearly as may be; and not only the outward appearance of natural objects, but their interior anatomy. The models may be taken to pieces, when all the delicate, wonderful organisms of animal, plant, or insect lie revealed to the student's reverent gaze.

Thus, Montaudon makes a fine little model of an Arab horse, standing 4ft. 3in. high, which may be taken apart into a hundred pieces, and shows in detail more than 3000 objects—muscles, nerves, arteries, and veins may be detached one by one from the superficial layer to the skeleton. The organs may be taken out and studied separately; and it is obvious that the student may study them in this way very much more pleasantly than when they are taken from a dead horse. Such a model costs about £170.

The model system allows the anatomy of rare animals or plants to be studied and reproduced again and again without difficulty. Thus, the gorilla is the largest and most interesting and one of the rarest of the apes; and the study thereof is of immense importance to anyone attempting to master the connecting links of the chain of life, stretching from the lowliest organism to man. Many classrooms now contain Montaudon's model gorilla, a fearsome beast, standing 5ft. 2½in. high, showing all the organs and parts reproduced as in life.

A less expensive model is of such a humble flower as the ox-eye daisy. A bud is reproduced, and an expanded flower-head, which opens down the middle to exhibit the form of the receptacle, and the arrangement of the florets. Another part of the model shows the ripe receptacle with the seeds falling from it; and the whole specimen is beautifully made so as to allow several of the parts to be taken out and examined in the

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A beautiful model is that of the silkworm. It is many times larger than the worm in life, measuring 2ft. 6in. in length. When the model is opened, inside are seen all the muscles, nerves, and air vessels, together with the entire silk-producing apparatus.

hand. Primarily, such models as these are intended for the use of students. They cost anywhere from 10s. to £200; but schoolmasters look upon them as paying investments. The cheaper models are also bought by wise parents as instructive toys for their children; and it is on this side of the subject that I wish particularly to dwell; for better toys could not be put into a child's hands, whatever the amount of love or money that might be spent on procuring them.

* * * * *

A beautiful model is that of the silkworm. It is many times larger than the worm in life, measuring about 2ft. 6in. in length, and when the model is opened, inside are seen all the muscles, nerves, air vessels, and so on, together with the entire silk-producing apparatus, including the spinneret, and those wonderful glands which convert the silky matter into insoluble thread. One of the feet is made to open, disclosing the muscles of the little hooks and suckers which enable the worm to walk even with its feet uppermost.

Another model is of the silkworm's head, and enables one to follow more clearly the course of the silky liquid and its transformation into thread, and so to understand how the wonderful work of the worm is done. The silkworm set is completed by models of the moths, male and female.

Now, suppose that some fortunate child has been presented with such models for a Christmas gift. What an instructive lesson in natural history may easily be given—and little fear would there be that the child's attention would wander!

Another most interesting model is that of a common frog. Some of the best of the frog models show the frog's life history in various stages. First are seen the eggs, from which the young tadpoles are hatched about a fortnight after the eggs are laid. Then comes a model of a tadpole in its earlier stage, having no mouth, and living on its own capital of yolk. One may see the little suckers underneath the head, by which the tadpole attaches himself to water-weeds when he goes to sleep. In the next stage the tadpole has developed his mouth, and the changes which his organs undergo as he begins to feed on freshwater weeds become discernible.

Then come models showing the budding of the limbs, and how lungs gradually take the place of gills as the tadpole begins to breathe at the water's surface. And then the tadpole gradually changes from fish to amphibian, living for a while at the expense of his tail, till his skin is cast, the gills are lost,

Very wonderful, again, is the model of a cockchafer, enlarged twelve times, showing the muscles, air vessels, nerves, and organs, each detachable. There are in this model more than 600 detailed objects.

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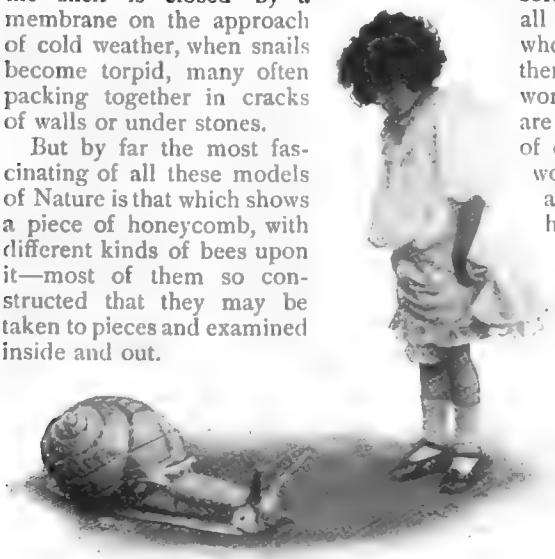
the mouth opens up, the undeveloped tongue begins to grow, the eyes, hitherto hidden beneath the skin, become exposed, and the forelimbs appear.

Now the tadpole begins to feed carnivorously, and the effect is seen in his enlarged stomach and liver; the tail becomes shorter and shorter, and at last disappears; the hind limbs lengthen—and at last we come to a model of a baby frog—neither male nor female in this stage—prepared to leap gaily into the world of air.

Very wonderful again is the model of a cockchafer, enlarged twelve times, and showing the muscles, air vessels, nerves, and organs, each detachable. There are in this model more than 600 detailed objects; while a child finds endless delight in unfolding the insect's long wings.

A snail, enlarged until it is 26 inches long, containing over 600 parts, is another model to delight a child's heart. One would dilate in this case on the snail's foot, or sole, flattened beneath, and fringed; on its four tentacles, which it draws in and out, the two upper ones bearing the eyes; and on the tongue, with its many teeth in transverse rows—135 rows for the common garden snail, each with 105 teeth—14,175 in all. And one would explain how the mouth of the shell is closed by a membrane on the approach of cold weather, when snails become torpid, many often packing together in cracks of walls or under stones.

But by far the most fascinating of all these models of Nature is that which shows a piece of honeycomb, with different kinds of bees upon it—most of them so constructed that they may be taken to pieces and examined inside and out.



A snail enlarged until it is 26in. long, containing over 600 parts, is another model to delight a child's heart.

One of the most interesting models is that of a bee, so constructed that it may be taken to pieces and examined inside and out.

What a field is here open for entertainment and instruction!

"You can see," the teacher might say, pointing to the model, "that there are several sorts of bees in a hive. At the head of them all is the queen bee, the mother of the brood, who spends her days laying eggs. Then there are the big, lazy drones, who do no work, but live on the best of everything, and are all killed off by the other bees at the end of each summer. And then there are the workers, who collect honey and flower-dust, and rear the baby bees, and keep the honeycomb neat and sweet.

"Let us examine one of the workers. Look well at its head. You would be very clever if you could say where its nose comes in; but see the two eyes, the two jointed feelers, each with twelve joints, the horned jaws, with teeth so sharp that they can cut the hard cement of the honeycomb like butter, or bite through flowers to save time when the bee is hunting for honey.

"See the hairy tongue, up which the honey glides quite easily, and see the two pairs of transparent wings which fold together over the back when at rest, but are joined together

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No child can fail to be interested in a life-like model of a fly, complete in every detail.

when in use by tiny hooks on the tip of the hind wings, so that the bee may fly steadily. You will count six legs, and there are many joints on them; and on the hind legs you will find the bees' baskets, in which they carry home the yellow dust which they find in flowers.

"The worker bees have stings. At the back of each sting is a bag of poison. When a bee wishes to use its weapon, first it makes a hole with the sharp tip of the sting, and then it squeezes poison from its bag into the hole. The sting is barbed like an arrow, and, once in, cannot be drawn out by the bee. So it must leave its sting behind, and with its sting its life.

"Now look at the queen—she is larger than the worker bees. Her work is to lay eggs, and often she lays 3000 eggs a day. From some eggs come worker bees, from others come drones, from a few come royal princesses.

"When the princesses grow up and are almost fit to reign, the bees swarm. This means that the old queen bee flies away with many followers, to start a new hive elsewhere. When the bees swarm they are very excited and happy, and you need never fear they will sting."

The only difficulty in the way of introducing these beautiful and instructive models into the nursery is that of expense. It goes without saying that the absolute fidelity to Nature of every detail in their construction, and the patient and expert workmanship necessary to make them in every way a replica of beast or flower, as the case may be, renders them very expensive. But surely there would be a large and increasing demand for less scientifically accurate representations, on a smaller scale, of the more familiar flowers, and of well-known animals?

Even a wealthy and loving parent might hesitate to lavish £170 on a model Arab horse for little Tommy, who would probably break it in a week. But he might consider £5 for a less complete model well spent.

Nothing could be more lovely than the model of a sweet pea constructed on a large scale. These models are an admirable means of instilling into children the love of beautiful flowers.

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The Man Who Couldn't Make Up His Mind

The Story of How He Eventually Did Make it Up.

By A. Demain Grange.

The First Dilemma.

"Well, which is it to be death or my daughter?"

Miliatides Karapoulos, prince and most picturesque of brigands, smiled whimsically. In his gaily-braided coat, red cap, and blue-grey stockings, with his stiff white kilt standing out round him like a *ballerina's* skirt, and a broad band of sunlight falling through the high, narrow window upon his handsome, swarthy face, he looked a pleasant rogue enough. But Karapoulos' smile, as more than one unfortunate traveller had found out to his cost, was a trifle deceptive, and there was a sinister gleam in his eye as he stood, with one hand grasping the barrel of his long, slender-stocked gun, gazing pensively down at the big, blonde Englishman, who sat, bound hand and foot, on the stone bench before him.

"Which is it to be?" he repeated.

The Englishman glanced up at him from under the dirty linen bandage tied clumsily round his forehead. Then he leant back nonchalantly against the wall of the cell—for such it appeared to be—and stretched out his legs as well as he was able. "I'll be shot if I know," he said coolly.

"You'll be shot if you don't," retorted the brigand grimly.

The captive shrugged his shoulders. "As you choose," he replied indifferently.

"Nay, it is as you choose."

"Thanks." He drawled the word out lazily, absently, as if the subject in hand had no interest for him.

"Then make your choice—quickly."

"Eh?" The Englishman roused himself, as from some pleasant reverie. "You offer me death or a marriage with your daughter?" The brigand nodded surlily. "That is—er—scarcely complimentary to the lady, is it?"

Karapoulos bent towards him, his face flushing angrily. "Now, look you," he said, "this is no joking matter. You have penetrated to our stronghold—a thing no stranger has ever done before. You have

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found out the secret path through the mountains, learnt our numbers and the resources at our command, and much else besides. You could, if the opportunity arose, give such information as would bring the soldiery down upon us hot-foot, and we should be trapped like hares."

"But if I passed you my word——"

Karapoulos laughed harshly. "Words, my friend, have been broken before now, and we dare not risk it. The only silence we can trust is the silence of death." He paused, and stared before him thoughtfully.

"Death or marriage," said the Englishman drily.

"Yes," mused the brigand, "there is one other way in which your lips may be sealed. A man does not betray his wife's kinsfolk, and since my girl seems to wish it, I offer you your life—on condition that you become her husband."

The Englishman started slightly. "She asked you to make that condition?" he said.

"No, no," Karapoulos answered quickly; "she would not do that. But *I* wish it, and——" He broke off sharply, as if suddenly conscious of having said more than he had intended. "Well, well," he continued, frowning, "I will give you yet a little time to think the matter over—say until to-morrow morning." He turned and walked slowly to the massive, nail-studded door, where he paused. "By then," he added, "I shall expect you to have made up your mind. You understand?"

The Englishman smiled. "I will give your—proposal—my earnest consideration," he said.

Karapoulos shrugged his shoulders and passed out, closing the door behind him. The sounds of the heavy iron bars being shot rang loudly through the vaulted chamber.

* * * * *

Five hours later the Englishman was striding swiftly down a narrow mountain-path, with a slight, girlish figure, enveloped from head to foot in a long, dark cloak, hastening by his side. The moon had not yet risen, but the light from the stars was sufficient to show them the way. They walked on in silence for some little time. Presently the girl spoke.

"So you couldn't make up your mind?" she asked in a low voice, the modern Greek words falling musically from her lips.

"I'm afraid I couldn't," he admitted.

"Poor you!" she sighed. "Death or—or me; it was a terrible choice, wasn't it?"

"It wouldn't have been terrible if——" he began, and then paused.

The girl laughed softly. "Well, you won't have to choose either now," she said.

They had come to a sharp bend in the path where it swept round the angle of a projecting mass of rock. A low wall, formed of rough stones piled loosely on one another, offered a somewhat doubtful protection from the sheer drop of many hundreds of feet which lay beyond it.

In response to a light touch upon his arm the Englishman stopped, and at the same moment the silver disc of the moon, rising slowly above the jagged outlines of the mountains opposite, flooded the path with its cold, clear radiance. The girl had thrown back her hood, and the moonlight shone full upon her face. It was a lovely face, of the purest Grecian type, proud, passionate, and yet full of the shy tenderness of youthful womanhood—such a face as, once seen, a man may never forget. The Englishman was staring at it as if fascinated.

She drew him slowly to the wall. "I must leave you now," she said. "Yonder lies the road to Konitsa. You will be safe from pursuit there." She pointed to a long, narrow ribbon of white, winding sinuously across the valley on their left.

"Yes," he answered, his eyes still fixed upon her face, "I shall be safe. And you——?"

She turned away from him with a short laugh. "Have no fear for me," she said.

"But the others — your father may guess——"

"He *will* guess. But that does not matter. You are a brave man, and I—I like brave men." She pushed a small stone from its place and watched it go leaping down the side of the precipice. "That is why I helped you to escape."

He bent towards her eagerly. "Fédora," he whispered.

The girl started, and faced him quickly. "How—that is not my name," she said falteringly.

"I heard your father call you so once, when he had forgotten I was present."

"Father is very foolish. I—I prefer to be called Zora."

The Englishman smiled. "Then, Zora," he said, taking one of her hands between his own, "is it too late to choose now?"

For a moment she stood looking at him, as if she did not understand his question. Then she blushed and drew away her hand.

"Oh, yes!" she cried. "You—you must

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not think of that. Your way and mine lie far apart; we shall probably never meet again. If some day—perhaps——" She checked herself abruptly, and, drawing the hood over her head, held out her hand. "Good-bye, my friend," she said firmly. He took her hand and pressed it to his lips, not trusting himself to speak. She seemed to understand his silence, and to find some rare contentment in it, for a soft, fluttering little sigh escaped her as she stood looking down upon him tenderly.

He raised his head quickly, and their eyes met. She smiled faintly. "Sometimes," she whispered, "it is very hard to make up one's mind."

Karapoulos laughed harshly. "Words, my friend, have been broken before now, and we dare not risk it."

Then she turned and sped swiftly up the mountain-path, leaving him staring after her as one in a dream.

The Second Dilemma.

"Well, which is it to be?"

Sir Anthony Musgrave started, and set down the priceless bit of china containing his tea with a reckless disregard for its egg-shell quality. He had been asked that very same question two years ago under rather trying circumstances, and the coincidence startled him somewhat. His aunt, Lady Paulton, however, put quite a different construction upon his obvious agitation.

"Well, which is it to be?" she repeated smilingly. "The fair Helen or the charming Kate?"

"Blessed if I know," said Sir Anthony, absently helping himself to cake.

Lady Paulton held up her hands despairingly. "Oh Anthony, Anthony!" she cried. "You are *too* terrible. Here have I, after years spent in wrestling with your wayward bachelor proclivities, at last succeeded in pinning you down, so to speak, to two of the most charming girls of my acquaintance, and now you cannot, or will not, say which you prefer."

Sir Anthony laughed good-humouredly. "Lady Helen is a very delightful person," he said; "and so is Miss Kate Moreton."

"My dear boy!" gasped Lady Paulton in horrified tones, "are you aware that a man who calls one of the loveliest girls in London a *person* is a hopeless case?"

"Then I am a hopeless case, my dear aunt," he replied easily.

"No, no," she said, "you cannot afford to be that. Remember, Anthony, you are the last of a long line of Musgraves, and as such it is your duty to marry. You owe it to those who have gone before you not to let the brave old name die out." She had dropped her bantering tone, and now spoke earnestly.

He responded with equal earnestness,

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"Yes, yes, you are right," he said. "It is obviously my duty to marry somebody; I can see that. Only—sometimes it is very hard to make up one's mind."

He sat staring before him, and his eyes had a far-away look in them. Once again he stood on a mountain-path in the moonlight, with a slight, girlish figure by his side. Once again he held a small, warm hand in his, and gazed upon the loveliest face he had ever seen—a face which had haunted him, sleeping and waking, for two whole years. For Sir Anthony Musgrave was a man, and he had not forgotten.

Lady Paulton's voice broke in upon his day dream, reaching him as from a great distance off.

"Tut, tut!" she exclaimed cheerfully. "It is not so very difficult to make up one's mind if one sets about it in the right way. What you want, Anthony, is to stop at home more, and not go rushing off to all sorts of impossible places, as you have been doing during the past three or four years. Travelling is so unsettling!" She sighed deeply, as one who has traversed continents. "By the way," she added, somewhat irrelevantly, "you have never told me how you came to get that scar on your forehead."

Sir Anthony's hand went up to the thin white cicatrix over his left eyebrow. "Oh, that——" he said evasively. "I got it during my wanderings on the Greek frontier two years ago."

Lady Paulton shuddered. "A dreadful place, I've heard. Was it—*brigands?*" she asked in an awed voice.

"Something of the sort," he admitted lightly.

"Gracious! you might have been killed!"

Sir Anthony coughed and changed the subject quickly. "But tell me, my dear aunt," he said, "why do you particularly wish me to accept this invitation to Strathcarnie?"

"Can't you guess?"

"You are going——?"

Lady Paulton smiled. "Yes," she said. "But there is a much more potent reason than that."

"Oh!"

"Both Lady Helen and Kate Moreton will be there."

"The deuce they will!" Sir Anthony frowned and crumbled his cake nervously. "Isn't that rather a tall order?" he said.

"Perhaps," Lady Paulton conceded. "But what is one to do?"

"That is precisely my difficulty."

"Come, come, Anthony. You've got to make up your mind one way or the other, you know—and the sooner you do so the better. At Strathcarnie you will have an excellent opportunity for arriving at a decision and—ah!"

She ceased speaking, as the door opened, and a servant announced Lady Helen Fortnum. Sir Anthony rose promptly and held out his hand. Lady Paulton smilingly ignored it.

"Faint heart——" she whispered.

Lady Helen Fortnum entered a moment later with characteristic aplomb. She was a tall, rather loosely-built girl of twenty-four or thereabouts, with lovely hair, exquisite brown eyes, a fresh, healthy complexion, and a well-known *penchant* for short skirts and golf-clubs. She greeted Lady Paulton enthusiastically, and gripped Sir Anthony's hand with considerable vigour.

"Well, Sir Wanderer, how are things going on the other side of nowhere?" she asked gaily, as she took a seat and accepted a cup of tea from Lady Paulton.

"Rather better there than they are here," replied Sir Anthony, passing the hot scones.

"Oh, dear! That sounds very pessimistic. Are you in debt?"

"No, in doubt."

Lady Helen laughed. "When in debt, temporise; when in doubt, compromise. I always do."

"A very excellent rule. But it is not always possible. For instance, just before you came in my aunt and I were discussing——"

"Brigands," interposed Lady Paulton hastily.

"Oh——?"

"A subject of unlimited interest," Sir Anthony remarked drily.

"Yes," continued Lady Paulton. "I was talking to the Greek *Chargé d'Affaires* the other day, and he told me that while brigandage has practically ceased to exist in Greece proper, it still continues to some extent on the north-west frontier. And that reminds me," she added, "there is a ball at the Turkish Embassy to-night. Are you going?"

"Oh, yes," said Lady Helen. "We are all going. You don't suppose there will be any brigands there?"

Lady Paulton smiled. "As a responsible chaperon, I am not so sure about that."

"Ah, well!" said Lady Helen, "I hear that the Princess Fédora is to be present——"

Sir Anthony turned to her quickly. "The Princess Fédora?" he said.

"Yes. A lovely girl—so they tell me. I

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have not met her yet. She only arrived in London a few days ago, but everybody is talking about her. It appears that her father was a Royal Duke, or something like that, of one of the smaller mid-European States, who for some offence or other was outlawed and banished from his kingdom. What happened after that I don't know, but last year, it seems, he was killed while rendering some important service to his country, and after his death his daughter was recalled and formally recognised by her uncle, the reigning Prince. Why, Sir Anthony——!" Sir Anthony had gone very white, and was clutching at the back of a chair as if for support.

"It is nothing," he murmured, recovering himself by an effort. "Merely a slight giddiness—a touch of the Campania fever I caught in Rome last year. Nothing serious, really, I assure you, Lady Helen."

"Ah!" cried Lady Paulton, with evident relief.

Lady Helen said nothing.

Shortly afterwards, as he was taking his leave, she remarked casually: "My mother had hoped that you would be able to join our party to-night, Sir Anthony. But, of course, if——"

He interrupted her eagerly. "It is very kind of the Duchess," he said. "I shall be delighted."

"We dine at eight, and go on to the ball afterwards."

"At eight," he said.

A quarter of an hour later Lady Paulton sat in her drawing-room, congratulating herself that at last her nephew had been brought to see reason.

A quarter of an hour later Lady Helen Fortnum sat in somebody else's drawing-room, reflecting upon Sir Anthony's sudden indisposition and trying to find the reason.

A quarter of an hour later Sir Anthony Musgrave stared out of his club window, muttering: "A Princess! Good Lord—can it be possible?"

The Third Dilemma.

"Oh, I say, Miss Moreton, I wasn't making any comparisons, you know."

"You could scarcely do that, Lord Carfax."

Miss Katherine Moreton glanced up demurely at the tall young man in the Guards' uniform who was her escort for the time being. They were standing near the main entrance to the ballroom at the Turkish Embassy, watching the brilliant throng moving slowly backwards and forwards over the polished floor. At some little distance from them Sir Anthony Musgrave was conversing with a strikingly beautiful girl, to whom he had just been presented by the Bulgarian Minister, and whose bewitching appearance had lured the susceptible young Guardsman into committing the unpardonable indiscretion of praising one woman to another.

"By Jove," he muttered absently, "that chap Musgrave is a lucky beggar! It isn't everybody who can interest the Princess Fédora as he's doing—first go off, too!"

"You envy him?"

"I should rather——" Lord Reginald Carfax paused on the brink of the abyss, as it were. "I should rather like to be as successful with—somebody I know," he concluded adroitly.

Kate Moreton smiled. "That should not be very difficult," she said.

"No?"

"The Princess does not seem to be more than ordinarily interested."

"She's savin' a good bit."

"Yes. That's just it."

Lord Carfax considered the point awhile. "I've often wondered why Musgrave doesn't marry and settle down," he remarked presently. "Heaps of girls would jump at him."

"Would they?"

"Nelly Fortnum, for instance."

"Oh, do you think so?"

"Don't you?"

"I really can't say. Shall we go and look for the others, Lord Carfax?"

What Lord Carfax replied is of no moment here. It is sufficient to record that they went.

Meanwhile Sir Anthony Musgrave had been having the experience of his life. Here, in this London ballroom, under circumstances which precluded the possibility of any mistake, he had been formally presented to the Princess Fédora Chrzañovy of Moravia; and yet, equally beyond any possibility of doubt, he knew that two years ago she had been Zora Karapoulos, a brigand's daughter, whose hand in marriage had been offered to him so strangely, and who would in all probability now have been his wife had he but chosen to speak a word. Of course, the knowledge that she had then been called Fédora, coupled with the facts briefly related by Lady Helen, went some way towards unravelling this seeming tangle of events, but there still remained much that was utterly beyond his comprehension.

To add to his perplexity, the Princess herself gave no sign, either by word or look, that she had ever seen him before. Her manner towards him was gracious, and even friendly,

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as towards a stranger whom she had met for the first time, and in whom she took a passing interest; but beyond that, and the fact that she allowed him to pencil her name against the fifth waltz, she showed him no special favour; and there was nothing in her attitude to give so much as a hint of a previous acquaintance between them. In the circumstances he could only follow her cue, and accept the situation as it stood.

The first dance had already started when Sir Anthony presented himself before Lady Helen Fortnum and claimed her for his partner. She consented smilingly, having been an interested witness of his meeting with the Princess Fédora, and being no little reassured thereby as to a grave doubt which had recently assailed her.

At last the time arrived, and he set out in search of the Princess with a beating heart. He found her surrounded by a small court of admirers in an arched recess at the upper end of the room. As he approached he noticed a a tall, cadaverous-looking man, in plain evening clothes, standing some little distance away, and apparently unknown to any of the guests in his vicinity. Something in this man's appearance, and the furtive way in which he kept glancing towards the recess, caused Sir Anthony to look at him more closely. His jet black hair and moustache and dark olive complexion proclaimed him to be a foreigner, but of what nationality it was not easy to determine. Slightly puzzled, and a trifle annoyed by the circumstance, Sir Anthony advanced towards where the Princess was sitting.

She rose to meet him with a smile, and the light touch of her hand on his arm thrilled him from head to foot. A few moments later they were gliding over the polished floor to the soft, lilting strains of the latest masterpiece of a famous Hungarian composer.

After they had taken a couple of turns round the room the Princess bent slightly towards him, and, in an even, expressionless voice, whispered: "Take me somewhere where we can be quite alone. I want to talk to you."

He obeyed at once, and led her out through a side-door into a large glass conservatory, filled with palms, and dimly lighted by one or two Japanese lanterns suspended from the roof. The place was empty, and after a short search he found a garden seat in a secluded corner at the farther end.

"Ah!" she cried, sinking down with an air of relief. "I feel safe now."

"Safe!" he echoed, sitting beside her.

"Yes," she said thoughtfully.

"I—I am afraid I do not understand, Princess."

"Did you notice a tall, thin man, with dark hair and moustache, standing by himself near the recess, when you came up?" she asked.

"I did. He struck me as being a foreigner."

"He is a Roumelian—from Konitsa," she said in a low voice.

"Oh——" Sir Anthony paused, doubtful how to proceed.

The Princess laid her hand on his sleeve. "You have heard something of my father's story?"

"I have heard something," he answered. "But——"

"You have heard who he was, and how he gave his life for Moravia."

"Yes," he said. "I have heard that."

"It—it is all I would have you remember."

"It is all I shall remember," he replied gravely.

The Princess looked at him gratefully. "Thank you," she said simply.

They sat in silence for some moments. To Sir Anthony they were moments fraught with infinite joy and sadness—joy, in that he had found her again, and that she trusted him; sadness, when he thought of the wide gulf which her changed fortunes had placed between them. He forgot that the gulf had been almost as wide between Sir Anthony Musgrave and Zora Karapoulos, the brigand's daughter. But men such as he do not reason like that.

Presently a gentle sigh escaped her. "Ah, yes!" she said, speaking half to herself. "My father led a strange life during those years of exile. But he never preyed upon the poor, and many have blessed the name of Miliatides Karapoulos when sickness or famine has brought them low. For the rest——" She paused significantly, as if waiting for him to fill the gap. "His love for me must be his excuse."

"That would excuse much," said Sir Anthony earnestly.

She glanced at him quickly. "Perhaps some day I—I may be able to explain," she said.

She rose, and moved a little away from him. He rose also, and as he did so his ear caught the sound of a stealthy footstep behind a bank of palms on his right. He turned sharply as a dark figure stepped forward with outstretched arm, and his eye caught a bright gleam of polished metal.

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"You fiend!" he hissed, pinning him to the ground.

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The next moment there was a flash, and a deafening report rang out. Sir Anthony had struck up the man's arm just in time. The bullet passed through a palm leaf a few inches above the Princess' head.

"You fiend!" he hissed, pinning him to the ground.

It was the Roumelian from Konitsa.

THE WAY OUT.

The Pass of Strathcarnie is unrivalled for wildness and grandeur by any other north of the Tweed.

Standing by a narrow ledge of projecting rock, where the mountain path skirts the edge of a lofty precipice, was the Princess Fédora of Moravia. Near to her, in an attitude of thoughtful preoccupation, with his eyes fixed upon her face, stood Sir Anthony Musgrave. Thus, amid very similar surroundings, had these two stood once in the past, and the memory of it was with them now.

"Princess," he said softly, "I do not see the road to Konitsa."

She started and turned to him quickly. "Surely," she said, "you did not expect to find the road to Konitsa here?"

"Why not?" he answered smiling. "When I arrived, a week ago, I did not expect to find you here."

"Ah! Perhaps you would not have done so if——" She checked herself abruptly.

"If what?" he asked.

"If the Duke of Strathshire had not invited me," she concluded hastily.

He traced an intricate pattern in the dust with the point of his stick, and then obliterated it carefully. "I suppose not," he observed absently.

"And if somebody had not saved my life that night at the ball," she added in a low voice.

"Somebody saved mine—once," he said gently.

"No, no!" she cried. She glanced at him, in momentary hesitation. "Listen," she said. "I must tell you the truth. Your life was never really in danger." She checked his half-uttered exclamation of surprise with a gesture and went on rapidly: "My father, as I have told you, was a desperate man, and it had become a habit with him to resort to desperate means to gain his ends. I was his child, and he loved me. He saw me, should anything happen to him, growing up into womanhood, unmarried and uncared for, my only associates rough men and ignorant peasant women, and the thought filled him with anxiety for my future. It is true one of his band—the man who tried to take my life—loved me in his wild, impetuous way, as such men understand love."

"And he was jealous?"

"Yes. He knew—that is, he had discovered something of my father's intention, and he thought that I——" She paused. Sir Anthony nodded. "That is why he followed me to England, and that is why I pretended not to recognise you when we met at the Embassy that night."

"Ah! I understand now."

"But *he* could never have been my husband. And who else would seek a brigand's daughter for his wife! Then chance brought you to us from Konitsa that day. My father liked you, saw that you were gentleborn, and guessing that I—I liked you, too——"

"Yes?" interposed Sir Anthony eagerly.

"He conceived the bold idea of forcing you to marry me, and thus at least securing for me a home and a protector when he was gone. The rest—how he attempted to do so and how he failed—you already know."

"Yes. I know how he failed."

"He misjudged your courage."

Sir Anthony smiled. "You forget," he said, "I could not make up my mind."

"Whether to choose death or——"

"I could not make up my mind whether you cared for me sufficiently to be happy as my wife."

She lowered her eyes quickly. "And if you had known that I cared for you sufficiently?" she asked faintly.

"No man likes to die," he replied.

"But suppose—suppose that you——"

He bent towards her, and laid his hand on hers. "Fédora," he said earnestly, "if I had to choose again, I should choose——"

"Yes?"

"Life."

* * * * *

That evening at Castle Carnie, after dinner, Lady Paulton contrived to have a few words with her nephew alone.

"Anthony!" she cried, "I believe that you have made up your mind at last!"

"Yes," he answered, with a smile, "I have made up my mind at last."

Lady Paulton gasped. "Tell me," she said breathlessly; "is it Lady Helen?"

"No."

"Kate Moreton?"

He shook his head.

"Not—not the Princess?"

"Yes, it is the Princess," he said.

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Real Life Romances.

The Editor will be Pleased to Purchase Real Life Romances from Readers. Stories Must be True, Substantiated by Names and Dates, and Five Hundred Words in Length.

The Thief.

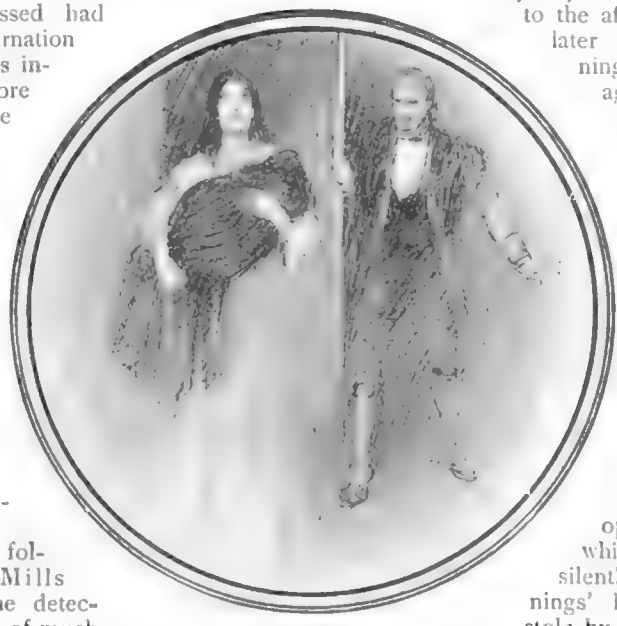
A ROMANCE OF SLEEP-WALKING.

THE following story of the queer happenings that took place some months ago at the house of the Mills Mannings, a well-known family of Detroit, is but another illustration of the old adage that "truth is stranger than fiction."

Morning revealed one day that almost all the silver ware that the Mills Mannings possessed had vanished. Consternation prevailed, and was intensified the more when the police arrived. Neither finger marks, nor broken window, nor forced door betrayed the entrance of the marauder. Throughout the day detectives scoured the house, peering into every corner, but without result.

The morning following, Mrs. Mills Manning met the detectives with a look of much concern on her face. During the night, she told them, the thief (whether the same one or another remained to be seen) had stolen many more valuable articles. Stirred to fresh vigour by the story, the detectives again made a minute examination of the house. Again it was to no purpose; the thief had covered his tracks so securely that not a clue remained.

Some weeks went by. Then, one morning, Mr. Mills Manning discovered, whilst dressing, that his pockets had been rifled during the night and every coin abstracted. Still more was to be revealed. The floor was scattered with little fragments of paper. Mrs. Mills Manning pieced some together, and, with a little cry of horror, discovered that the thief had destroyed a number of dollar bills that her husband had carried in his pocket-book. Again detectives were called in, and again they vainly endeavoured to find traces of the miscreant. Further mystery was still to be added to the affair. Two nights later Mr. Mills Manning's pockets were again rifled while he slept, his cash purloined, and the same treatment meted out to his paper money as had been done on the preceding occasion.



Presently the door opened, and, bearing the baby, wrapped up in rugs as if for a journey, the white figure emerged and made as if to descend the stairs.

One night a detective, who had remained in the house in the guise of a servant, heard a door open stealthily. A white figure moved silently from the Mannings' bedroom. As it stole by him the detective became aware that the figure was moving in its sleep. Along a passage, straight to the nursery, where the baby daughter of the house lay, the figure stole.

Some minutes passed. Outside the door the detective waited expectantly. Presently the door opened, and, bearing the baby, the white figure emerged and made as if to descend the stairs. But the detective's hand gently restrained the thief. It was Mrs. Manning herself who, afflicted suddenly with sleep-walking, had during her sleep purloined the silver ware, rifled her husband's pockets, and attempted to kidnap her own baby.

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Modern Pirates.

A ROMANCE OF PRESENT-DAY RUSSIA.

THE evening of July 13th of this year was beginning to cast its shadows on the great wheat port of Odessa. An air of quietude lay over the busy port, even though the town beyond seethed with revolution.

The small passenger steamer *Sofia* glided steadily through the gently undulating water, a frothy line marking her course outward from the harbour. Her decks were crowded with passengers. Even the saloon was filled, a coincidence that the sailors, busy although they were at their work, found time to comment on. Chiefly noticeable amongst the passengers that occupied the more expensive quarter of the little ship were a number of young men. In all they totalled eighteen, and appearance and dress at once marked them as men of education.

Several times the captain turned a swift glance on them, as, standing apart from their fellow passengers, they conversed earnestly amongst themselves. His mind hung uneasily on a strong iron chest that reposed secreted within his cabin. Yet how could those men know that it was on board the *Sofia*, and, still more, that it contained over five thousand pounds' value of Russian bonds and coins?

Gathered in a circle near the bridge stood the eighteen young men. Each held a revolver in his extended right hand.

Ten miles now lay between the little steamer and the harbour of Odessa. Apart from the monotonous throbbing of the engines a stillness hung over the ship. On chairs, or leaning against the ship's side, the passengers watched the stars as they shone forth from the darkening sky.

Suddenly a voice rang sternly and clearly through the ship: "Hands up." The drowsiest passenger sprang into wakefulness at the unexpected cry.

Gathered in a circle near the bridge stood the eighteen young men. Each held a revolver in his extended right hand. Again the command rang out, and every man on board raised his arms above his head. All saw resistance was useless.

These revolutionaries, as the leader of the pirates proclaimed himself and his men to be, brooked no refusal. Sullenly each passenger was relieved of his money. As soon as this was done, forming in a line, the pirates drove all, officers and crew as well, into one of the cabins, and bolted the door.

Then from stem to stern the ship was searched. The iron case that had weighed so heavily on the captain's mind was quickly discovered, and its contents, the property of the Russian Bank for Foreign Trade, hastily secreted amongst the robbers.

At a word from the leader, several of his men now lowered the three boats that the *Sofia* carried into the sea. Others burst open the lockers containing rockets, blue fires, and other signalling apparatus, and cast the contents overboard. No means of attracting aid must be left to the ship, their leader had commanded. Even the machinery they disabled.

Meanwhile the terrified passengers, cooped within the small cabin, trembled with terror. Sometimes they imagined the ship was being scuttled, and that they would be left to drown like rats. At last the leader's voice dispelled this fear.

"If you make any attempt to call attention," they heard him say to the officers, "we shall return and sink the ship."

With that he unbolted the cabin door, and hastily rejoined his men in the boats.

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The Tangled Life Line.

THE STORY OF A DIVER'S BRAVERY.

THE scene where the following incident occurred is in Torbay, and the time of its happening the night of Friday, July 12th of this year.

Some days previously torpedo boat No. 99 had sunk in the bay. Salvage operations were in progress, and the gunboat *Spanker* heaved gently over the spot where below the torpedo boat lay. On board the scene was an animated one. Government divers were ascending and descending, reporting on the condition of the wreck and the likelihood of salving the vessel. Presently one, Walter Trapnell by name, descended to the wreck.

On board the divers' boat the pumps were driving air down to the man at work below, and the steady movement of the life line told that all was progressing well.

Twenty minutes went by. No signal had come up from the diver calling to be hauled to the surface. More minutes passed. The period for a diver to remain under water at such a depth had long been exceeded.

Leverett . . . discerned his comrade. He took his hand and shook it to reassure him.

Then it was that Diver Leverett telephoned to inquire the reason of his comrade's delay.

"I am fouled in the wreck and cannot get free," came up the reply—words which filled every man with alarm.

"All right, I will come down to you," replied Diver Leverett.

Moving in the semi-darkness along the deck of the sunken torpedo boat Leverett presently discerned his comrade. He was standing on the sea-bed, and high above his head the life line and other gear swung entangled in one of the davits of the torpedo boat.

One steady survey told him that Trapnell was powerless to aid himself. He took his hand and shook it to reassure him that he would rescue him, for beneath the sea it is impossible for divers to speak to one another. Then at once he set about to free the entangled tackle.

Slowly Leverett crept along the decks. The pressure of the water affected him more and more as time went on.

Even yet the task was not nearly completed. Farther up the tackle was entangled amongst machinery. Two hours went by. With throbbing temples and blood pouring from his nostrils Diver Leverett kept to his task. More of the lines lay clear, but another complicated tangle had yet to be negotiated before his comrade would be free.

The task seemed hopeless. Despair crept over Leverett. His head would burst, he felt, if he remained another minute below. He signalled, and was drawn to the surface.

The cool sea breeze blowing upon his face, now freed from the stifling helmet, revived his hopes. He determined to make another effort to save Trapnell, and down once more to the gloomy depths he descended. For an hour he worked.

The strength was fast ebbing from Leverett's body. He struggled on, knowing that if he could but hold up another five minutes his comrade would be free. . . .

The line was free, and a motionless, unconscious figure lay on the deck of the sunken torpedo boat.

* * * * *

Diver Leverett opened his eyes. The ship's surgeon was bending over him. Diver Trapnell, they said, was past recovery.

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MR. —HIS PAGES.

When dull and dark Novembher broods
Like sombre night upon the land;
When people suffer frightful moods
And rush to swallow patent foods
Whose base they do not understand;
And when before the eyes there floats
Infinity of overcoats.

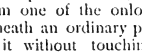
When Influenza's dreadful sway
Exists to complicate our plight;
When many blow the nose all day
In passionless, dejected way,
And sneeze severely through the night:
It is the wiser man who pecks
A crumb of joy from "Mr. X."

Puzzle Penknives or Packs of Royal Playing Cards will be given as prizes to readers who forward new puzzles problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X" and wishing for a reply, must inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of The Royal Magazine, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

An Exasperating Catch.

Here is a catch that will cause the greatest exasperation if brought off before a fairly numerous audience.

In the first place borrow, if possible, a shilling from one of the onlookers. Then place it beneath an ordinary plate, and offer to remove it without touching the plate. Many mysterious passes should now be made over the plate, and the word "abracadabra" may be used freely. After a few minutes of this, request a lady to remove the plate and see if the coin is gone. When she has done this, pick up the shilling, and, having done what you set out to do, make your bow and receive what applause is forthcoming modestly.



The Mysterious Figure 9.

There is a great deal that is mysterious and wonderful about the figure 9. The following is an instance of its peculiarity. Put down any number in hundreds, reverse it, and subtract the lesser from the greater. No matter what the numbers are, the tens figure after subtraction will always be a nine, and the total of the units and hundreds figures will always be nine.

For example, take the number	734
Reverse it:	437
Subtract:	297

Here the tens figure is a nine, and the sum of the units and hundreds figures—7 + 2, is also equal to nine.

Another Example.

Another example of the mystic figure nine is even more interesting.

If the number 12345679 be multiplied by nine and certain multiples of nine, the answers will invariably consist of all the same figures.

Example:	12345679
	27
	86419753
	24691358
	333333333

To obtain an answer all 1's, multiply by 9

,,	,,	2's,	,,	18
,,	,,	3's,	,,	27
,,	,,	4's,	,,	36
,,	,,	5's,	,,	45
,,	,,	6's,	,,	54
,,	,,	7's,	,,	63
,,	,,	8's,	,,	72
,,	,,	9's,	,,	81

If any of his readers know of any other peculiarities concerning the figure nine, "Mr. X" will be very glad to hear from them.

A Seasonable Jest.

George: "Excuse me, Charles, but I have frequently noticed that you never wear an overcoat."

Charles: "You are right, George. I never was."

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"Mr. X's" Post-Bag.

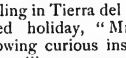
His post-bag is one of the joys of "Mr. X's" chequered existence. Frequently a word of praise brings the blush of pleasure to his cheek; at times, it is true, complicated problems set him by some mathematical genius furrow his brow.

The other day the postcard reproduced on this page gave him half-an-hour's deep thought. The postal authorities successfully solved the problem of the address, as may be seen from the legend, "Try 'Mr. X,' Royal Magazine, London," written across the card; but the cryptic hieroglyphics on the other side, reproduced below it, puzzled "Mr. X" for a long time. However, he has interpreted them. Can any of his readers do as much?

"Mr. X" will be pleased to forward the sender of the postcard a pack of his cards if he will send in his address.

This is what another reader remarked in a letter the other day, speaking of "Mr. X.":

All Beautiful Charming, Dainty English Faces Gave Him Indescribable Joy; Keeping Life's Monotony Negotiable Over Precipitous Qualms, Revelling Silently Till Unknown Voices Wakened (Mr.) X Yelling "Zuyder Zee."



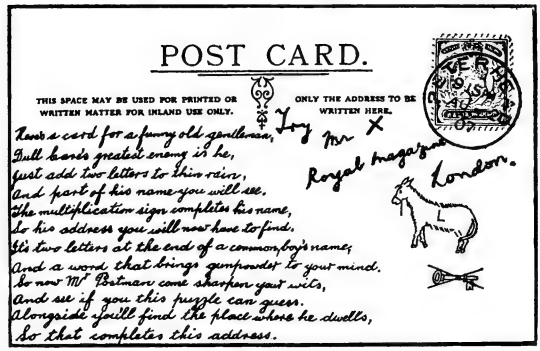
A Curious Inscription.

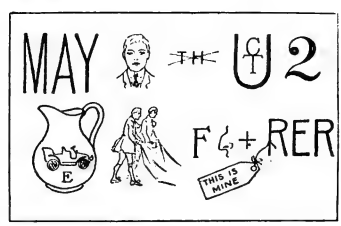
When travelling in Tierra del Fuego during his well-earned holiday, "Mr. X" came upon the following curious inscription on a tombstone in a village cemetery. Can any of his readers decipher it?

WHE. NJO!

Se PHB: R. OWNW. as.
HER. Eb. ELO: Whi. STEM. PE! Ra.
Men. TWA. Ssu; CHTH. Atpe.
O. Plenev. ER. us. EDto. GOA.
Nds. Eeh. IMVE. Rymu. Chno.
Whiss. U. N'S. Se th. ater. STWH.
Il. Eshon. EWE. M. Issou. RBRO.
The. RWH. Ois. G. On. E.

The Royal Magazine


POST CARD.
THIS SPACE MAY BE USED FOR PRINTED OR WRITTEN MATTER FOR INLAND USE ONLY.
ONLY THE ADDRESS TO BE WRITTEN HERE.
Try Mr X
Royal magazine
London.
Reads a card for a funny old gentleman,
Bull heads greatest enemy is he,
Just add two letters to this rein,
And part of his name you will see.
The multiplication sign completes his name,
So his address you will now have to find.
It's two letters at the end of a common boy's name,
And a word that brings gunpowder to your mind.
So now Mr Postman come sharpen your wits,
And see if you this puzzle can guess.
Alongside you'll find the place where he dwells,
So that completes this address.



The Two Apple Women.

When out marketing one day, Mrs. Hayseed remarked to Mrs. Husk:

"If I count my apples in eights there are seven over."

"Land sakes!" replied Mrs. Husk, "if I count mine in tens there are seven over, too!"

Upon reckoning up, the two good ladies found that they had a hundred apples between them.

How many had they each?

ANSWERS.

A Curious Inscription.

When Joseph Brown was here below,
His temperament was such
That people never used to go
And see him very much.
Now his sun's set that erstwhile shone,
We miss our brother who is gone.

Solution of Postcard Message:

May you (you(th;) continue (e on T in U) to carry on your (ear K on ewer) pages. From an (F Rom in) admirer (add my RER).

The Two Apple Women.

Mrs. Hayseed had 63 and Mrs. Husk 37; or
" " 23 " " 77.

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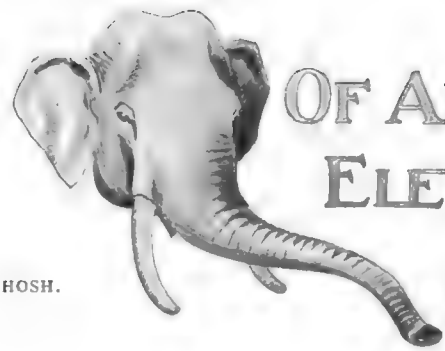
THE LIFE HISTORY OF AN ELEPHANT



By Sarath Kumar Ghosh.

Moolraj, the Chief of **Shikaris,** *Narrates the Extraordinary History of Salar Jung, a Great Indian Elephant, in the Days of His Freedom in the Jungle. This is the Second Article of this Series, Which Commenced in the October Number.*

I.—THE LORD OF THE JUNGLE.

Know, Heaven-born, that Salar Jung began his life sixty years ago in that vast tract of land in Mysore then popularly known as "the elephant country." For the ruler of Mysore allowed innumerable herds of wild elephants to live in a state of nature in that tract before capturing them for the service of man, whereby he found "the elephant country" more profitable to him than any gold mine in his territories. My father, also named Moolraj, was then the chief shikari to the Maharajah, and the keeper of the forest. Thus, Heaven-born, I have come to know the wonderful history of Salar Jung.

From very birth he gave promise of his future greatness, for he was already forty inches high, four more than the average. Thus he came under human observation from the beginning, and was watched from time to time by hidden shikaris who made periodical reports of his early life and training in the jungle. For his father, a huge tusker and the leader of that particular herd, seemed to take a great pride in his progeny, and trained him in elephant-lore with a special care. There is something almost human about the elephant—his intelligence, his long memory of friends and foes, his domestic life, his very emotions and passions

The first time Salar Jung's training took a definite shape was at the age of twelve months; its scene was at the pool when the herd came to drink, bathe, and disport themselves at midnight. There were several herds in the elephant country, but Salar Jung's was the largest, and varied from two hundred to four hundred in the course of every eight or ten years; and it always came to the stream at the same place because there happened to be the widest open space available along the bank. So large a herd is never seen to-day; but this was nearly sixty years ago.

The scene at that midnight pool was the most fascinating given to man to witness in the jungle. The whole herd was indeed wont to come frequently to the stream, but on the night of the full moon preceding the annual flood they came to hold high revelry —for they knew instinctively that for the many months of the rains they would be denied that pleasure. Knowing that fact the Maharajah had ordered special preparations to be made for witnessing the scene, as he was then entertaining some distinguished English visitors.

Accordingly a covered pathway was made leading to the stream, fenced in with tall palisades and skilfully screened by foliage. The point of observation was chosen directly opposite the elephant path on the other side of the stream by which the herd was wont to come down from the jungle. Thus they

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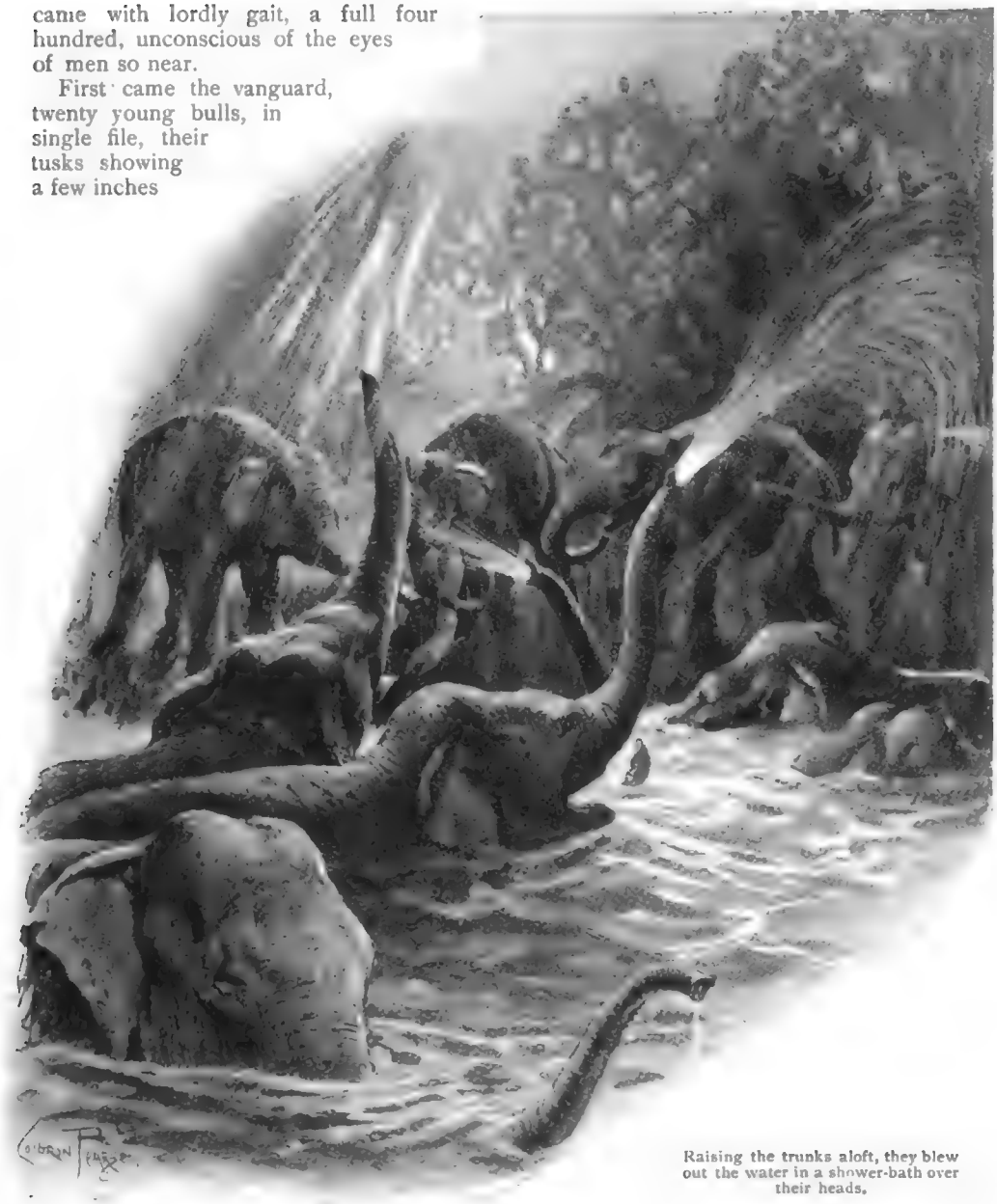
came with lordly gait, a full four hundred, unconscious of the eyes of men so near.

First came the vanguard, twenty young bulls, in single file, their tusks showing a few inches



Raising the trunks aloft, they blew out the water in a shower-bath over their heads.

beneath the upper lips. Like human youths they were spoiling for sport. They jostled one another, dug one another playfully in the ribs, and trumpeted in mock rage. Behind them came the matronly cows, with calves of all ages from mere babyhood to growing adolescence; they frisked and gambolled between the legs of the cows till their mothers admonished them gently with their trunks to keep them in rank.

With small herds the cows and calves always walk in front, with the bulls and tuskers behind; and if there be danger the calves immediately take refuge under their mothers, and the tuskers face the enemy, whichever side it may be. But with a very large herd it is necessary to have nimble

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scouts. Thus in this case the youngest bulls came first, ahead of the cows and calves.

Then entered with prudish mien the young cows, the wives of the finest tuskers of the herd, with their lords immediately behind in jealous watch. Each tusker had five or more wives, according to the length of his tusks—that is, according to his strength and prowess. Salar Jung's father, the lord of the herd, had nearly a dozen wives, for the ten other tuskers acknowledged his undisputed sway. Had any of them rebelled or attempted to steal the affection of any of his wives, he would soon have been worsted in single combat and forced to flee from the herd. But at this particular moment there was peace and concord, perhaps in anticipation of the coming pleasure.

Thus the herd came and ranged itself along the bank, the half-grown bulls to the left, the matrons and calves in the centre, the young cows to their right, the tuskers on the right flank. Imagine that wondrous sight! The full moon was at the zenith, shining with tropical effulgence. The entire herd raised their trunks in the air, and at a given moment dropped them upon the water and began to drink; thus all were enabled to quench their thirst before the mud beneath the limpid pool was at all disturbed.

And the way they drank was most curious. Each breathed in a quantity of water into the trunk, brought the tip of the trunk near the mouth, and squirted the water into the mouth by the mere act of breathing out again. Wondrous dispensation of Nature that has provided them with a trunk! Or else they could not drink without wading mouth-deep into water and thus disturbing the mud.

Their thirst satisfied, the whole herd—all but the mothers and calves—plunged into the stream. They waded neck deep, thrust their trunks ahead into the water, and took in a full supply; then raising the trunks aloft, they blew out the water in a shower-bath over their heads. In this luxury they indulged several times, and the spectacle of two hundred jets of water sparkling in the moonlight was most striking.*

Then came the washing of the babies. The very young calves were not allowed to enter the water; instead the mothers dropped into the stream quite close to the bank, and first bathed themselves, while still keeping a watchful eye on their children. Then they filled their trunks with water, brought them over the calves, and gave them a shower-bath. The calves liked it immensely—in that respect only unlike human babies—and if they kicked and cried lustily it was only in pleasure.

Some few of the tuskers, mindful of their paternal duty, participated in this family bathing. Salar Jung's father waded along the stream, stood opposite his progeny, and gave him an unexpected strong shower over the head and eyes, as if to test the youngster's mettle. This he did because Salar Jung was slightly older than the other calves, and perchance his father had in view the still severer training to which he must be submitted in a year or two—of which in due course.

Then came perhaps the most impressive scene of all. The mothers, having bathed themselves and their calves, came back to shore, but the rest of the herd went into deeper water, walking along the bottom of the stream—not swimming. Gradually the neck disappeared, the head, the whole body—all but the trunk; for the trunk of each was uplifted in the air. Gradually even the trunks went down lower and lower, as the invisible herd walked still deeper into the stream.

Imagine two hundred trunks growing smaller and smaller, till only about six inches of each remained above the water, and the whole herd submerged and vanished from sight!

Yet the concealed spectators knew for a fact that the herd was there all the time, walking on the bed of the stream about fifteen feet below the water's level. Had the stream been no deeper, an entire herd might thus have crossed a river by walking along the bed, without troubling to swim, which they could have done if they had wished. Thus also was it possible for elephants—one or more, or even a large number—to take refuge in water and make themselves practically invisible to their foes.

Suddenly there was a commotion. The surface of the water heaved up, the trunks shot up, and the submerged herd came into sight, for they had finished their sport. Leisurely they swam to the bank, climbed up, and trooped back into the jungle.

No, they had not sighted the foe. It was merely the custom of the herd.

For a while after Salar Jung's training was chiefly undertaken by his mother. She taught him to eat from trees and shrubs. An elephant in the jungle feeds on tender shoots,

* A scene somewhat similar to the above was witnessed by T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales during their tour in India.

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herbs, and fresh young leaves. So she taught Salar to reach out with his trunk, gather the food into a bunch, and bring it to the mouth. And after the bursting of the monsoon, as is the custom in the tropics, the tall trees gave forth a beautiful array of fresh leaves in a single day at the upper branches.

But they were far out of Salar's reach, so his mother seized the branch with her trunk, pulled it forcibly down, and held it within his reach while he ate leisurely the tenderest leaves. She herself finished the rest, then released the denuded branch, which shot back to position like a huge catapult.

He selected a tree of moderate size, and tried it first with his trunk.

The greatest delicacy of the jungle is the sugar-cane; but it grows in a bunch of several dozen stalks, each about an inch and a half thick. It is easy enough for a grown elephant to seize and uproot a stalk and eat it; but Salar had not yet sufficient power in his little trunk to uproot a single cane.

So his mother selected the softest and newest stalks, uprooted and gave them to him, afterwards pulling out a dozen for herself at random and eating them wholesale with great relish. For all grown elephants possess powerful molars within the mouth capable of grinding the toughest cane to pulp.

Then, while returning from the cane bush, she taught him a necessary task. After the rains myriads of flies came into existence, and irritated the elephants. So she tore off from a small tree a tender little branch, about two feet long, made Salar hold it in his trunk, and whisk off with it the tormenting flies from his sides. For an elephant's tail is too short for such a purpose, and even the trunk has to be lengthened by a bough to reach all parts of the body.

And verily this again is a marvel of Nature—that the "law of compensation" in life, or of "equation," or call it what we will, holds true even in the jungle! The elephant, the lord and mightiest beast of the jungle, has no other beast to fear; so by Nature's decree he finds his trial and tribulation from the tiniest insect!

The time came when Salar Jung was of the age corresponding in human life to the school age; so his father initiated him in the tricks of the jungle. One occasion was by the stream. Now, elephants, like all four-footed animals, can swim naturally; so Salar had no difficulty in keeping afloat and moving on the surface of the water—though even in this he had been previously helped by his mother. For, when first allowed to go into the water, she had held him in front of her with her trunk, while he learnt to strike out for himself.

But that was not sufficient for an elephant. Thus one night, when the herd was in the stream, and Salar was swimming in shallow water, his father gave him a sudden butt with

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his huge forehead, and knocked the youngster off his buoyancy. Down went Salar into the water, snorting and spluttering; but the next instant his father caught up Salar's little trunk in his own, and hoisted it clear out of the water—so that the frightened youngster found to his relief and surprise that, though his feet touched the bottom of the stream, he could still breathe freely.

Of course, he tried to come to the surface directly after, but his father stood over him, and soused him again with another butt—while still holding Salar's trunk out of the water. Thus the old tusker taught his son to have confidence in the water, and not to be afraid of being submerged so long as his trunk was out. Salar learnt his lesson, till one day his father withdrew the support of his own trunk. Salar dropped his mechanically, but the old one gave it a blow upwards with his own. Then Salar learnt the whole lesson of remaining submerged, while maintaining his trunk out of the water by muscular effort.

In due course, when our hero was of sport-loving age, his father took him to the forest. He selected a tree of moderate size, and tried it first with his trunk; then put his back to it, and heaved with his full weight; the tree bent that way at a slight angle. Then the wily old fellow came round to the other side of the tree, and heaved again; the tree bent back accordingly, the earth below rising up slightly as the surface roots snapped.

The elephant turned, examined his work critically, then suddenly seized the tree with his trunk on a level with his head, and pulled. Slowly the tree bent and bent, while the elephant almost went down on his haunches. Suddenly the roots snapped like a pistol-shot, the tree came off bodily—and the old tusker sat down with the recoil, with almost a merry twinkle in his eye. For elephants dearly love a joke.

Salar, who had been watching, seemed to understand the game. He simply went for the nearest small tree. It was quite three inches thick, and seemed substantial enough. But it was only a plantain-tree, and softer and weaker than a cane. So when Salar put his back to it, and heaved with his full one-ton weight, the tree snapped at once, and Salar toppled over and came down on his back. The merry old tusker snorted with amusement.

Salar picked himself up, burning to score this time. He had certainly learnt his lesson; he remembered that his father had first tested the strength of the tree with his trunk before trusting his back to it. So he now selected a small mango-tree, two inches thick, and, after trying it with his trunk, heaved it with his back in two opposite directions successively.

But now he introduced a variation of his own.

He felt that his trunk was not strong enough for the purpose; hence he must either heave or push. If he heaved, and the tree was uprooted too suddenly, then he might topple over again, and be the butt of his father's ridicule! So he did as he had seen other elephants do on similar occasions; he placed his right forefoot against the tree, and pushed with his full weight. The tree bent to the pressure, gradually yielded, and was uprooted—Salar maintaining his balance by moderating the pressure when success was assured.

His education was now complete. For the next few years he had to learn the wisdom of the jungle by the light of his own experience, and by observing and following the example of his older comrades.

The time of crisis came. One of the huskers had taken to solitary ways and moody manners. Now, when an elephant does that he is not necessarily a rogue; but he may be tending to become one. Unsociability in a herd generally implies a grudge or grievance against some member or even the herd collectively. Cast up a ship on a small island, and the passengers and crew may cheerfully agree to live amicably while awaiting rescue; but there is sure to be one person who will make himself objectionable. So also with a herd. Bound together by ties that are not easily severed, a small initial friction may by gradual accumulation mount up to positive rebellion. Thus Salar Jung's father had occasion to chastise the would-be rogue periodically, and in doing so he could not avoid receiving injuries himself—which, for one of his advanced age, might have led to serious results.

Salar himself could be of little assistance to his father, being then only twenty years of age—which among humans would correspond to fifteen or sixteen. And the full-grown tuskers preserved a strict neutrality, perhaps because the recalcitrant elephant had not yet offended against the herd in general. But Salar noted and remembered. . . .

With advancing years his father saw the end of his days drawing near. The elephant among all animals has perhaps the most marvellous instinct for presaging its own death. Strange that no man has yet seen a

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wild elephant die—except by violence, by the act of man or of God.

Stranger still, that *no man has yet discovered the remains of a wild elephant that has died a natural death.*

The flesh might perish, but the massive bones and tusks should last for cycles of years, even centuries. Even now the bones and tusks of the mammoth, the prehistoric ancestor of the elephant, have been found in caves and sheltered recesses in Siberia, buried under the snow of many centuries; nay, till recent years the ivory market amply recognised the value of supplies from such sources. Then why should not the skeleton of the elephant be nearly as lasting? Remember that the massive bones need the blow of a sledge-hammer to break, or the impact of a solid bullet as large as a pipe-bowl, and fired at a short range of about fifty yards with a charge of powder four times as great as that in a military cartridge.

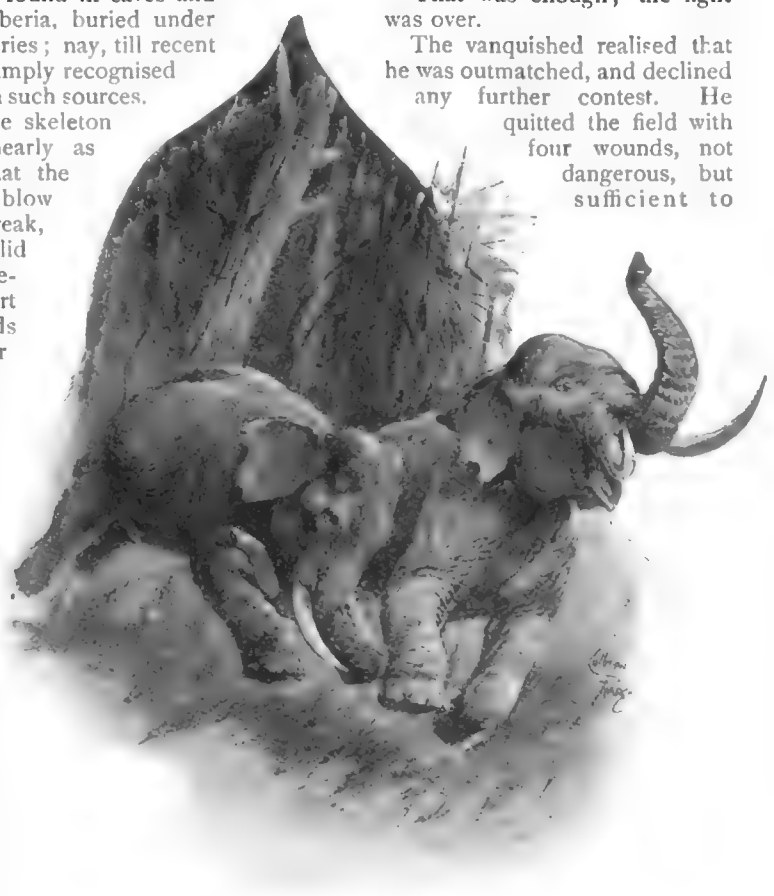
There is but one answer. The *shikari* believes that the elephant dies; but before his death his comrades escort him to the "elephants' cemetery" — which is hidden from the eyes of men. Some secluded valley among the hills, watered by a stream, beside which Salar Jung's father lay down to die, surrounded by glistening skeletons of bygone generations. Such, at least, is the *shikari's* belief.

Salar Jung had now attained his full height at the age of twenty-five, though ten years had yet to elapse before he could get his greatest strength. But, because of his colossal size, standing a clear head above the others, he was already strong enough to claim the allegiance of the herd. His tusks, now six feet in length and a full two feet in girth, were so formidable a weapon that there was none to challenge his claim save one—the rogue-to-be. Salar did not wait for him, but simply started the attack point-blank.

Now, elephants, except in madness, do not fight with a murderous or even felonious intent, but merely to attain an object in view. At the first onslaught Salar got his tusks into the neck and shoulder of his rival; the latter recoiled with the shock, spun half round, and tried to recover his balance. But Salar, now catching him full on the broadside, rolled him over.

That was enough; the fight was over.

The vanquished realised that he was outmatched, and declined any further contest. He quitted the field with four wounds, not dangerous, but sufficient to impress upon him the fact of his comparative inferiority. Afterwards he left the herd altogether, and became a lone walker of the jungle. Call him that, or a rogue, it matters little.



Salar, now catching him full on the broadside, rolled him over.

Thus Salar became the lord of the herd, and chose his wives from the young cows. Thus he had attained the height of his ambition.

No! He had yet to become the lord of the jungle. But to attain that supreme

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dignity he had to pass first through the waters of bitterness. . . .

For the hand of man was turned against the herd. The old Maharajah had died, and his son had succeeded. Likewise my father; and I, Moolraj the son of Moolraj, had become chief *shikari* in his place. My master now bade me inclose the herd, and capture it, jointly or severally, by these devices or any other.

The method of trenches, being the simplest, was first used to cut off stragglers. Trenches were dug, and covered over with rafters, and upon them earth and grass were placed to make the ground appear whole and continuous. Then the herd was suddenly frightened, and made to stampede. Fearing no foe of the jungle, a small squib or cracker, or even a mouse, will suffice to unnerve for the moment these high-strung creatures. In their flight they did not notice that several of their comrades had fallen into the trap, and fallen easily.

An elephant cannot jump—that is, lift all four feet off the ground simultaneously—nor gallop, nor trot. Owing to its great size it will, indeed, cover the ground with a fast shuffle at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, so that over rough ground it will easily catch up a man, and even over a level plain a fast athlete alone could outstrip it. But it cannot cross a ditch ten feet wide, which any schoolboy could clear at a run. Hence those of the elephants that happened to go over the covered trenches, fell in helplessly. Afterwards they were individually secured by stout hawsers passed round the body and attached to a team of tame elephants above; then the earth was beaten down to form a slope, and each prisoner was successively hauled up.

Thus the herd was first decimated. Then came the grand drive into the stockade, and the whole herd was captured. That method has already been described,* so I shall add nothing to it. The whole herd—save one. In that mad rush to seeming safety—to the treacherous portcullis that pointed to liberty, but was in reality a prison-gate—Salar Jung swerved, broke through his fleeing comrades, and dashed upon the palisade. Strong enough to resist a tusker of an average herd, it was unable to withstand the momentum of six tons of madness at fifteen miles per hour; a gap five feet wide was formed in it as if by a battering ram. There is nothing so awe-inspiring as a wild elephant's charge. Before it a man feels as helpless as if lying on a railroad with a huge locomotive thundering down upon him.

"Back! Back all!" I cried, and the crowd of beaters beyond fell back on either side as Salar Jung shot through the gap. Snorting, trumpeting, he thundered over the ground, scattering the men like chaff before the wind, over the fields, into the jungle, to solitude, to freedom.

And in my inmost heart I rejoiced.

For twelve months he roamed the jungle. We watched him from a distance, but could devise no plan to come nearer. For his temper was up. Usually the gentlest of creatures, an elephant will never quarrel unnecessarily with any other denizen of the jungle. Revelling in his strength, he will live in peace with all others. But now, with the memory of his recent wrongs, Salar Jung grew resentful. At the midnight pool, seeing that there was now only one elephant, the other animals came to drink as they pleased. Not that they meant to be disrespectful, but seeing no tangible reason for abstention they came to drink as Nature dictated.

Salar Jung did nothing. What could he do? There was no individual animal that cared to incur his direct resentment, so he had no outlet for his feelings.

Then, one night in returning from the stream, a yellow-bellied tiger that had been lying in wait for a doe sprang out with a terrific roar. In frantic terror the doe tried to leap past the elephant, stumbled, lurched up against his legs. Salar Jung flung up his trunk instinctively, as he would when surprised. But thereby the tiger was compelled to recoil. With a single bound the doe shot clear away and fled before the wind.

Baulked of his prey, the tiger snarled in rage, then leapt in blind fury. With a huge swipe of his trunk Salar caught him on the flank and sent him sprawling over the ground. Usually the elephant curls aside his trunk to get it out of danger, but in moments of extreme agitation he uses it in desperation. Now, a tiger roused to frenzy always fights to a finish. There is no final peace or even armistice. It must be instant victory or instant death. Thus, having regained his feet, he sprang again. This time he came sideways, missed the head he had aimed at, and fell beyond and slightly behind the elephant.

More nimble than his unwieldy foe, and turning more quickly, the tiger leapt at short range, fell on the elephant's flank, and clung on to it with embedded claws like a wild cat

* THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, December, 1906.

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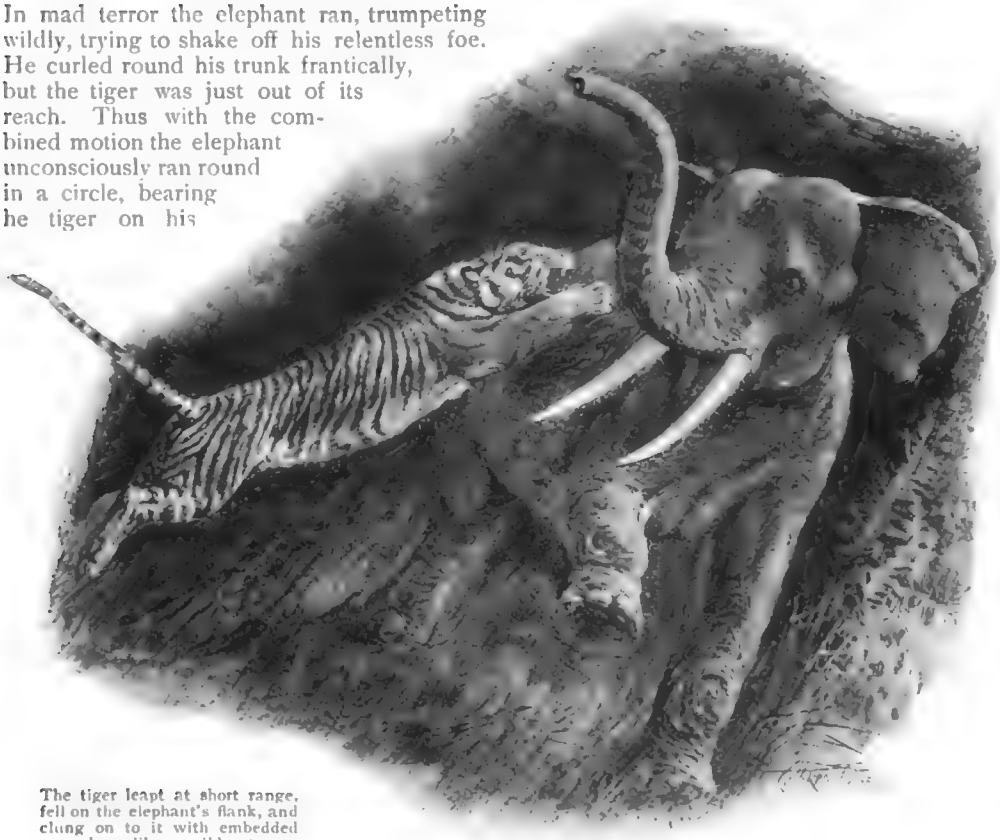

In mad terror the elephant ran, trumpeting wildly, trying to shake off his relentless foe. He curled round his trunk frantically, but the tiger was just out of its reach. Thus with the combined motion the elephant unconsciously ran round in a circle, bearing he tiger on his

The tiger leapt at short range, fell on the elephant's flank, and clung on to it with embedded claws like a wild cat.

flank. Thrice Salar Jung ran round in that circle. Gifted with supreme intelligence, in the sudden panic his mind had been obscured.

Who shall blame him? Verily even man may momentarily lose his presence of mind in the supreme crisis of his life. And quicker than most men Salar recovered his. With one wild rush he plunged into the neighbouring stream—waded, swam, stumbled into deep water, and turned half round.

Suddenly submerged six feet beyond his depth, the tiger released his hold, rose to the surface and tried to swim ashore. But now the outstretched trunk came down upon him, held him under, while the elephant swam leisurely towards the bank till he found foothold.

The drowning tiger buffeted the water with his impotent paws, but the trunk now drew him over the tusks, and the tiger was held like a log of wood—supported upon the tusks, and pressed down from above by the trunk. And the trunk had two feet of its length to spare; so the elephant curled up its tip just three inches clear of the water, so that he could himself breathe freely, whilst the tiger's head was just so many inches below the water. Held in that vice, and having no grip or foothold, the tiger's vain struggles grew feebler and feebler; the last bubble came up, and a while after the water was still.

Salar Jung came out of the stream upon the bank, and tossed the tiger's body away. Had he so chosen, he could have come out before and trampled the tiger to death; but drowning was easier. A few of the denizens of the jungle were witnesses of the scene. Thus, after the tiger's downfall, Salar Jung's supremacy was proclaimed in the jungle. Henceforth he was lord of the jungle.

And then the conspiracy that had long been hatching against him came to a head; the conspiracy and stratagem to deliver this Samson of the jungle into the hands of the Philistines. How shall I say it? How describe that foul treason? Verily it was I that

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schemed and plotted it, and was its arch-conspirator; I, Moolraj, the chief of the *shikaris*.

My master bade me capture Salar Jung, saying: "He shall be the Pride of the Palace. His splendour is wasted upon the beasts of the jungle."

Thus I steeled my heart to the deed.

It is not good for man to be alone and wifeless, nor for elephant. Salar Jung was alone and wifeless. Then one evening he suddenly saw a beauteous young female, and his heart melted with love. He came towards her and stretched forth his trunk to caress her. She let him; but if he came any nearer, she edged away quickly. Thus she allured him through the jungle over low bushes and shrubs and reeds, always presenting her left side to his view, but never the right.

At last she reached a tall, strong tree, of which the trunk was straight and a full yard in width. With voluptuous gait she came and paused beneath the spreading branches; with seductive eyes she invited him to come to her beneath that bridal canopy. He came willingly.

She moved coyly, so that he also had to move slightly to suit her caprice. Thus at last his left hind leg lay straight against the trunk of the tree. Then for the first time she stood quite still.

Silently, cautiously, two men crept forth from behind the tree, each holding in his hand the end of a chain coupling such as is used to link railway carriages. The middle of the coupling had been riveted to the other side of the tree, so that the whole coupling could incircle the tree and the elephant's hind leg; an iron rod had been placed aslant over the chain, so that by pulling down the rod the chain could be tightened and the free end of the rod inserted into a ring already fixed to the tree. The men now hooked together the ends of the coupling, turned swiftly to the rod, pulled it down to the ring, and fled for their lives. For Salar Jung was now a captive.

Then that female elephant, that false Delilah, deserted him. For she was the decoy *koonki* of our elephant-catching establishment, a trained female whose duty it was to allure individual males of her kind, and lead them into the trap laid for them, especially some splendid tusker whose magnificent strength might render him immune from the ordinary wiles of man. She had acted under the guidance of her *mahout*, who was slung on ropes and lying full length along her right side. In obedience to his commands, communicated by the mere touch of his hands, she had allured Salar Jung to his downfall.

"Samson, the Philistines are upon thee!" Verily she may have said that in heartless mockery as she walked away from him.

Of his rage what shall I say? Oh, he was mighty in his wrath! But impotent. He tore down the branches within the reach of his trunk, and hurled them about in fury; but uproot the tree itself he could not. Now six men came, and from a safe distance tried to throw a noose over his head; but he lashed out so furiously that they gave up the attempt, and left him there for the night.

The next day they returned, and threw towards him the daintiest food—fresh cocoanuts and choice sugar-canes. He was hungry, and presently ate. But here again was foul treason; for the sugar-canes had been steeped in opium, so that a while after he fell into a state of lethargy. When he recovered his full senses he found a noose of stout hawser around his neck, and a team of six tame tuskers at the other end of the hawser. And on either side of him was a tusker to whom he had been lashed by the waist.

Ganesh Ram, the chief *mahout*, now mounted the captive's back with a ladder, and at his command the team ahead all pulled together. Ganesh dug his iron prong into the back of the captive's head, just to show that henceforth he was master. This he did wantonly, for Salar Jung was moving obediently—as perforce he must.

"Have a care!" I cried to Ganesh in anger.

"I am the chief *mahout*," he answered sullenly.

"True, my friend; and I as the chief *shikari* have no power over thee. Nevertheless have a care. For an elephant never forgets!"

Thus was the lord of the herd and of the jungle made captive by the fascinations of a female. Who shall blame him? Verily Shah Jehan, the mightiest monarch of his day and the autocrat of half of Asia, at whose footstool knelt vassal kings, was held captive by a beautiful woman's smile. Thus Salar Jung was but human in his fall, and the equal of Solomon, and Samson, and Shah Jehan. And, perchance, if the Heaven-born searches the secrets of his own inmost heart—but enough!

(The Second Chapter of an Elephant's Life History—His Life in Captivity— will Appear in the Next Issue of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.)

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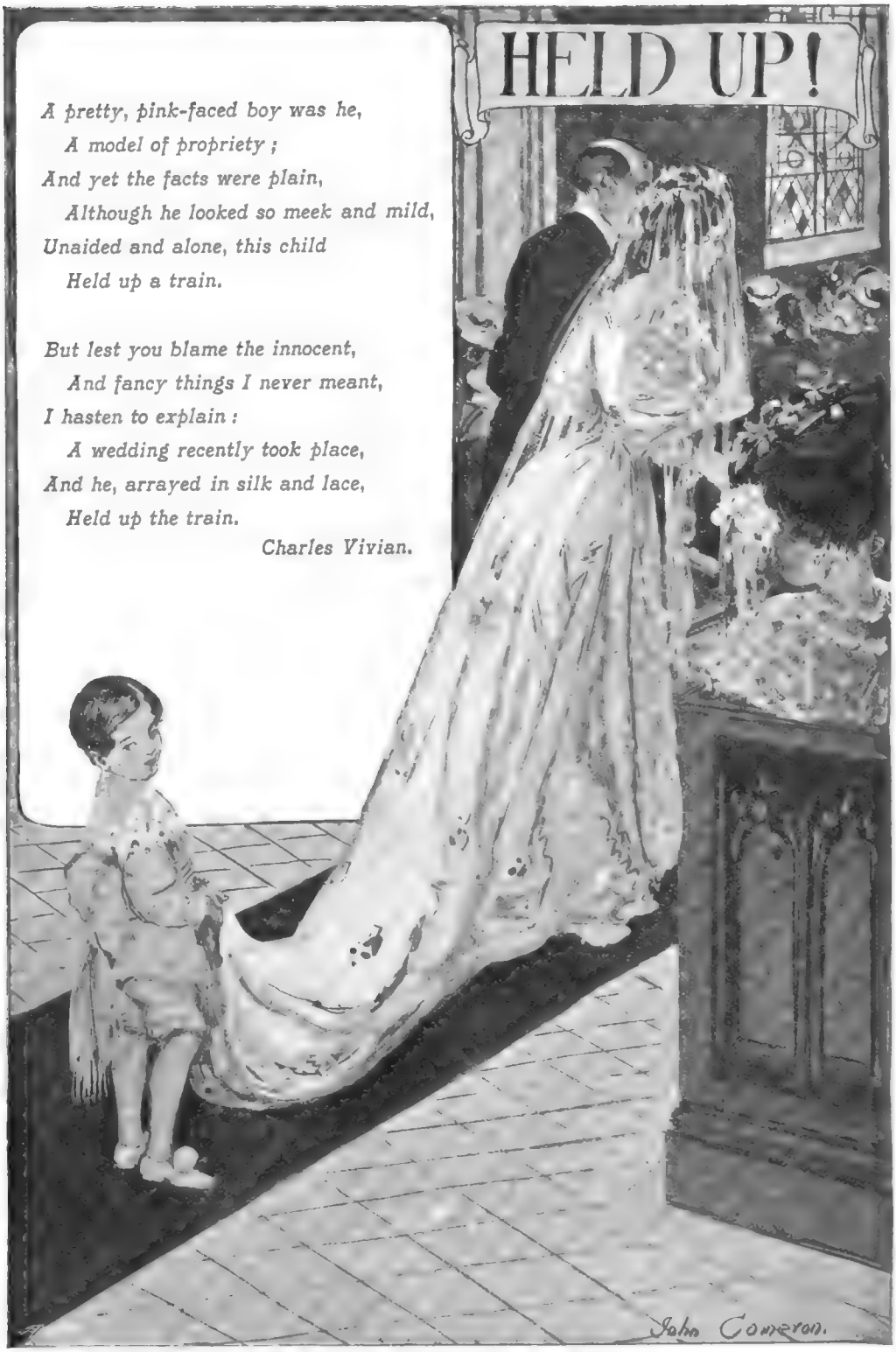
HELD UP!
A pretty, pink-faced boy was he,
A model of propriety ;
And yet the facts were plain,
Although he looked so meek and mild,
Unaided and alone, this child
Held up a train.
But lest you blame the innocent,
And fancy things I never meant,
I hasten to explain :
A wedding recently took place,
And he, arrayed in silk and lace,
Held up the train.
Charles Vivian.
John Cameron.

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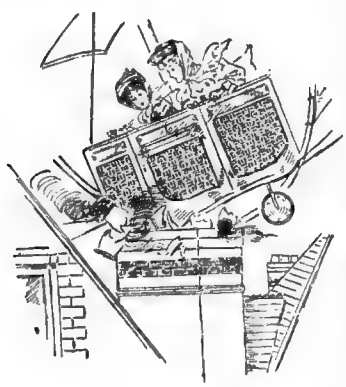
OUR TRIAL TRIP

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED
BY MABEL INCE

As Poppa owned that he had done pretty well in his wheat corner we told him that he'd just got to buy us the latest thing in Aeroplanes—we chose the fittings ourselves, and I guess it was about the smartest turnout in New York when we'd done. Then we learnt the work of the machine, and I calculate that M. Santos Dumont himself hadn't got a firmer grasp of the subject than we had before we started on our trial trip. Momma wanted us to take a chauffeur and of course Alexander P. Cripp and Josh T. Parkinson implored us to take them, but we'd settled to run this show ourselves, so we just said goodbye, and started right away.

I'll allow that it wasn't quite as easy as steering an Automobile, and as far as we could hear Poppa seemed annoyed about his chimney pots, but of course one reckons on having a few difficulties in starting, and once we were fairly off it was simply great.

We had merely concluded to do a turn over Central Park, and get back in time for dinner, but we had only got about halfway—our planes working as slick as anything, and creating as much sensation as even Maisie could wish—when a sudden thunder-storm came rolling up, and before we'd time to turn round and get back, it burst right on the top of us. I guess we've not got a very clear idea of what happened after that—we just grabbed on to anything that came handy, and seemed to be travelling, at about a million miles a minute right through the solar system. However, it slacked off at last, and when we opened our eyes again, there we were, sailing over what we concluded to be prairie land—and not a sign of New York anywhere!



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Of course Maisie started out at once to have a real good cry, and said she knew we'd be starved, and she wished she could look back on ever having obeyed Poppa and Momma or done anything real good, but I'd luckily espied two men riding on ahead in the distance, so I just told her to tidy up and put her hat straight and started to descend right away. Well, I guess those men couldn't have been conversant with the strides aerial navigation had made just lately, for I've never seen two people so badly scared before. One of them especially kept yelling "Snakes" and "Jerusalem," and called everyone to witness that he would sign the pledge right away. I calculate he must have taken us for two angels to get so real upset about it. However, when we'd disembarked and calmed them a bit, they turned out real civil, gave us some supper and told us that we'd come half-way down the continent, but if we kept certain stars in a certain line we might conclude to fetch up in New York by next morning. I guess however steering by stars is a bit easier said than done—they are remarkably alike to steer by and what with dozing a little, and then hunting round for our star again I guess we must have got out of our course pretty considerably, for next morning found us hovering over what we sized up to be a full grown revolution in one of the central States. I'll allow that we might have found the attention we excited a shade embarassing, if we hadn't got cramp and wanted our breakfast so uncommonly bad. As it was we just descended right away on the top of a barricade, and asked to be conducted to the New President at once.

Of course I'll allow that Maisie and I don't often have occasion to complain of incivility from anyone, but the remarkable civility we had to put up with after this, fairly broke the record—and relations became so strained amongst the Heads of the Government, that we calculated we'd be plunging the country in all the horrors of a Civil War if we didn't succeed in getting off pretty soon. Luckily we always wear a fair sprinkling of diamonds, so we were able to bribe the regiment in charge of our Aeroplane, and as Maisie was getting real nervous by this time, we just started right away without saying good bye to anyone. Of course they sighted us before we'd got much under

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way, and the President and most of the senate hung on to a rope that we'd forgotton to haul in, which might have been real awkward if I hadn't pulled out a pocket knife—and just cut it right through. We got on better after that, though I'll allow that we didn't know in which direction to steer! Anyhow we were off, and Maisie'd had the cuteness to slip a box of candy in her pocket, so we just put on all the pace we could, and calculated that we'd come out all right somehow! It was just as we were making a slight detour over the open sea, that we discovered that we'd come to an end of our petrol. It was an awful moment! We worked the planes as hard as we could, but there was'nt any more go in it, and we were slowly descending—with Maisie in fair sized hysterics—when a British Gunboat came round the corner and sighted us.

Well, I must allow that of all the real smart and civil young men we've known, those Britishers came out about top. They let down a boat so remarkably slick that we were picked up before the water had time to really penetrate our bar, and I guess we enjoyed our time on board more than all the rest of our trip put together!

They happened to be cruising round to New York, so they just conveyed us right away home, and I own it was pleasant to see Poppa and Momma's delight at getting us back again.

But Alexander P. Gripp, and Josh T. Parkinson never could get on with them somehow! In fact they seem mostly living for the Gunboat's departure. Meanwhile it is extremely difficult for Maisie and me (with the best intentions in the world) to make up our minds amongst them all!

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PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

The Editor will be Pleased to Purchase Photographs Suitable for These Pages. Pictures Submitted should be Accompanied by a Short Description.

A NEW TELEPHONE CABLE.

THIS photograph is of a section of the new cable with which the National Telephone Company are to revolutionise their system. The section has been cut, and the wires, of which there are 700, are turned over so as to show them separately.

Each wire is insulated from the rest with paper. The first and thinnest are for calls from exchange to exchange, the next size are for destinations within two miles, the thickest for trunk calls. The whole cable is incased in lead.

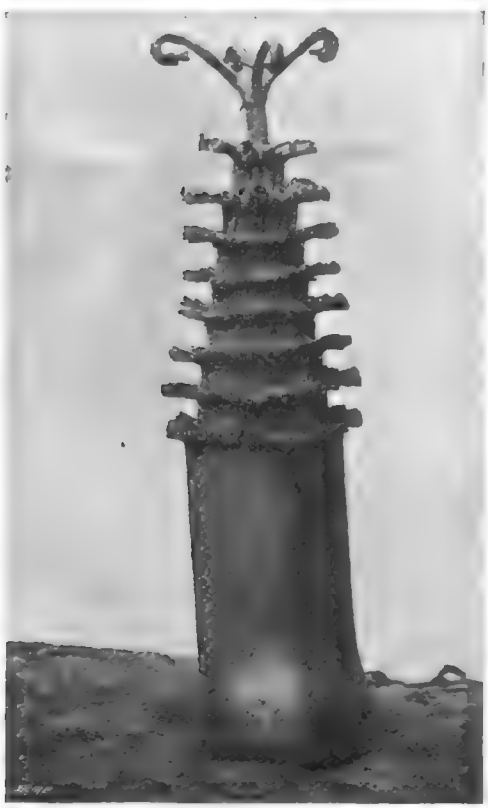

Photo *F. F. Sutton.*

This is not a cactus or umbrella stand, but a section of the National Telephone Company's new cable. It contains 700 wires, each insulated.

Photo *Gibson.*

Jabez Wolffe, the famous swimmer, refreshing himself with a cup of Oxo in mid-Channel.

OXO IN MID-CHANNEL.

ATTEMPTS on the Channel have been legion, but, of all those who have tried this season, Jabez Wolffe has made by far the best attempt. Handicapped by a thick fog, he swam valiantly for fifteen and a half hours, only to be beaten when within three-quarters of a mile of Calais.

How near he was may be judged by the fact that the people on Calais Pier were plainly discernible; but just when he was within an ace of success the wind sprang up and took him right out of his course, and he had to give up.

Wolffe was naturally disappointed, but he can console himself with the thought that he put up the best effort of any.

In appearance he is a typical swimmer, and can stand almost any degree of temperature, either hot or cold.

Every Channel swimmer has his pet diet, and like many of them Wolffe relies principally on Oxo, a cup of which he is seen drinking in the illustration.

It is no easy matter to absorb moisture while swimming, and the assistance of a feeding-cup—a contrivance familiar to invalids, based on the teapot principle—is usually called in, so that none of the precious liquor may be spilt.

Food is generally taken under the advice of the medical man who accompanies the swimmer in a boat; and the problem of adequate, yet not too solid nourishment is one of the most difficult that those emulating the late Captain Webb have to solve.

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General Louis Berta, Inspector of Cavalry in the Italian Army, negotiating one of the perpendicular "glissades" or slides, descending which forms part of the training of his officers and men.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC CAVALRY LEADER.

General Louis Berta Showing His Men the Way Down a Steep Bank.

To General Louis Berta, Inspector of Cavalry in the Italian Army, and one of the finest horsemen in Europe, belongs the merit of having completely transformed and improved the teaching of riding in the Italian cavalry service.

He first proceeded to deal with the theoretic and rigid system of what is known on the Continent as "Equitation de Manège"—the art of the riding-school—and reduced it to strictly necessary dimensions; and he then turned his attention to the training of the cavalry for cross-country riding, which he developed to its highest limit.

Under the tuition of General Berta the Italian cavalryman has learnt how to get the most possible work out of his horse, in the same conditions as those in which the demand upon the animal would be made in time of war. And, further, the General has trained man and horse to negotiate serious difficulties, and to arrive at such a pitch of perfection that there is hardly any obstacle which cannot be overcome.

Chief among these conquered difficulties are the now famous "glissades," or slides down steep slopes, made with such astonishing success by the Cavalry School of Tor de Quinto at Rome. After having excited the wonder and applause of all sportsmen, civil and military, these glissades have taken their place among the regulation exercises of foreign cavalry schools.

Not only does the General himself tackle the glissades which he has thus made so popular and important a part of his system, but his daughter, Mdlle. Inez Berta, an accomplished horsewoman, can do the glissade as well as her father or any cavalryman in the Italian army.

Under the General's superintendence the Cavalry School of Pinerolo, of which that of Tor de Quinto is the section which deals with cross-country riding, has been brought to a high pitch of perfection. There are in the establishment about 700 horses of all breeds, some of which are thoroughbred.

Photos *Charles Abéniacar.*

Mdlle. Inez Berta following in her father's footsteps.

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THE USES OF ADVERTISEMENT.

Two Bright Ideas of the Advertising Agent.

Nowadays advertisements are useless unless they are novel, striking, and calculated to arrest the attention even of a public accustomed from its youth upwards to striking and novel advertisements.

Recognising this, advertising agents and brainy business people of all kinds are always racking their brains for the bright idea that shall divert the wandering glance of the buyer to their particular goods, and incidentally a stream of gold into their pockets.

Two advertising ideas employed lately were especially happy and attractive.

Photo Topical Press Agency.

When the *Army Graphic* was started, a corps of sandwichmen, resplendent in frock-coats and silk hats, carrying umbrellas and smoking cigars, paraded London with advertisement boards on their shoulders.

When the *Army Graphic* first appeared, the proprietors desired to advertise the fact thoroughly and in a striking fashion.

They therefore gathered together a band of sandwich-men, provided them with a clean shave, frock-coat, silk hat, button-hole, pair of lemon kid gloves, cigar, and an umbrella apiece, which effectively disguised any shortcomings in their remaining attire, and sent them forth with an advertisement board on each man's shoulders.

Naturally the solemn procession riveted the attention of passers-by, and the scheme was a tremendous success.

The second brilliant idea occurred to Miss Sheila Lascelles as she passed a line of tired sandwich-men carrying boards.

"There has never been a sandwich-woman," thought Miss Lascelles, "so I will this day inaugurate her."

She immediately called at the offices of Maisette, with the result that may be seen in the illustration.

Needless to say, she created a great sensation, and came in for an enormous amount of chaff from 'bus and cabdrivers, little boys, and other blessings of civilisation; but, unconcerned, she pursued the noiseless tenour of her way. On being asked for her experiences as a sandwich-lady, Miss Lascelles who has travelled considerably, and been on the stage, said:

"I enjoyed myself very much and attracted a great deal of attention. In these days of motor-cars and aeroplanes, one must be original. I have always striven to avoid the obvious and the common-place, and I certainly think that I am living up to my ideal at present."

Certainly the barrenness and aridness of life in a big town would be mitigated to a large extent by the ubiquitous presence of numerous pretty sandwich-girls.

During Henley week, Miss Sheila Lascelles set up in business as the one and only sandwich lady.

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1. War Paint.—The Redskin painted for war. The zigzag marks represent forked lightning, signifying he will be quick to kill. The darker marks indicate the number of tribes engaged in the war.

WHY AN INDIAN PAINTS HIS FACE.

The Meanings of the Marks, and Their Individual Significance.

Hiawatha Brant-Sero, the only full-blooded Mohawk Indian chief in London, has recently posed for a series of photographs depicting the various signs an Indian brave wears on his face on different occasions.

The first of the pictures displays the war-paint of a warrior. The zigzag marks across his face, done in white, are intended to represent forked lightning, and imply that the wearer of the streaks will be as quick to kill and as deadly as lightning itself.

The darker stripes indicate the number of the confederacy of nations or tribes engaged in the war.

The second picture shows the Indian in love. His condition is made plain by a crescent moon on his forehead. The star at the side means that his sweetheart will be his guiding luminary. Wavy lines across the forehead and cheeks imply that he is rushing towards the chosen lady as the rivers flow to the sea, while the line over the bridge of the nose and the white spot on the chin denote that all his worldly wealth is hers.

2. The Indian in Love.—The moon on the forehead shows that he is in love, and the star indicates his sweetheart will be his guiding star. The wavy lines mean he is rushing towards her as fast as flowing water.

The vertical lines signify growing corn, which are a sign of peace (conjugal peace let us hope), as the redskins only grew corn when they were at peace with their neighbours.

The third picture shows an Indian in mourning for his father.

On his forehead may be observed the sun of his life setting behind a heavy cloud of sorrow, while the small white marks on his cheeks represent tears.

Mr. Brant-Sero (whose title "Hiawatha" is one of the hereditary titles of his people) has been employed as a philologist and lecturer by the Canadian Government, and is a scientist of considerable standing.

He has read papers before the British Association and numerous other learned societies, and may be regarded as the historian of his race. He is a direct descendant of the famous Canadian Mohawk loyalist, Joseph Brant-Thayendanegea, the great Iroquois chieftain who formed the confederacy of the Five Nations which nearly drove the French from Canada.

Photos *General Press Agency.*

3. The Indian in Mourning for his Father.—The forehead shows the sun of his life setting behind a heavy cloud of sorrow. The small white marks on his cheeks are tears.

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The BABY AT NUMBER FIVE

BY RUBY M. AYRES

How it Drew Two People Together.

THE baby was a bone of contention.

The man adored it—and so did the girl—but the strange part of it was that it belonged to neither of them, any more than the girl belonged to the man, or the man to the girl.

A five-foot brick wall separated the man from the baby, and the baby from the girl, by which it will be understood that they all lived in the same row of stuccoed villas, and that when the baby was born at Number Five, the man was living at Number Three, and the girl at Number Seven, for the houses were numbered alternately. And three days after the baby's shrill cry penetrated the thin walls of the houses on either side, a coffin, with a single wreath of violets, was carried out of the narrow, green-painted door, and down the neat gravel path, and along the road to the churchyard at the bottom of the hill, and the baby was left to face the world without its mother.

And the girl watched the sad little procession wind its way slowly out of sight along the dusty road with tears in her eyes at the inexplicableness of life, for it was not quite a fortnight ago since she had been startled by the tramp of the men who had borne home the baby's father—dead!

And she told herself that God had been kind in taking the young mother, too—had done the merciful thing in letting her be laid by the side of the man she loved—but the baby!

Its pitiful crying broke suddenly through the silence.

The girl hurried downstairs, and out of the front door, and up the path to Number Five.

On the doorstep stood the man from Number Three.

They looked at each other awkwardly.

The tears were still wet on the girl's lashes.

"I have come to ask if I can do anything," she explained.

"So have I," said the man, embarrassed. He knew the girl by sight very well—he had often watched her over the two walls that separated his own garden and the baby's from hers.

He was an artist by profession, and he had often thought he would like to paint the girl's head into one of his pictures—her hair was so brown and her eyes so blue.

"They have left the baby with a girl from the village," he added awkwardly. "The old woman has gone to the churchyard."

He paused. "I knew Danvers, poor chap!" he added.

"Oh, I think it is terrible—terrible," said the girl, with a little catch in her voice. "They were so happy—I never saw any two people so happy—and only married a year—and the poor baby left alone."

"They seemed to be absolutely without friends," said the man pityingly.

They stood in silence waiting for the answer to the girl's soft knock.

"I do not think there is any need for me to wait as you are here," said the man, as steps sounded along the passage inside. "You will know what to do better than I,

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but I could not stand hearing that baby crying—it interfered with my work," he added hurriedly, as if ashamed of his own soft-heartedness.

"Poor little beggar! I wonder what will become of it?"

Then the door opened, and the shock-headed, solemn-eyed village girl appeared with the baby wailing in her arms, and the man went away.

That was the beginning of it all.

The months went by, and the grass grew and died, and grew again over the two graves in the churchyard at the bottom of the hill, and the baby grew and flourished as babies will, in spite of the fact that he had no mother to go into raptures over his curls and dimples, and no proud father to listen to his wild attempts to talk, or watch his staggering efforts to walk; and on warm days he lay on a rug on the narrow strip of grass between the walls that divided him from the man and the girl, and enjoyed himself hugely by biting his toes and sucking the blue ribbon of his sash.

And sometimes the girl would leave her work—she wrote stories and articles for magazines, and taught music to ambitious, third-rate people, who could afford to pay no one better—and would go and lean over the wall, and say, "Baby," in the most enticing tone, and the baby would roll over, and look up at her and chuckle, and the girl would treat him to a flow of "baby-talk," which seems to come naturally to the lips of all women, and the two would enjoy themselves immensely.

And sometimes—if the baby grew bored with his toes and the sunshine, and the taste of his blue sash palled on him to such an extent that he felt it compulsory to scream as a means whereby to relieve his overcharged feelings—the man would throw down his brush or his pencil (he worked out of doors when it was fine), and rush to the wall and whistle and clap his hands, and generally make himself rather ridiculous, till the baby's seraphic smile chased away the tears, and peace was restored.

And sometimes the man and the girl would both appear at the same moment, and the baby would nearly dislocate his neck in his frantic efforts to look at both of them at once.

And one day the baby made a supreme effort, and crawled off his rug towards the wall over which the girl's pretty, delighted face smiled down at him.

And the man was positively jealous till the next day, when, by means of a big red rose, he enticed the baby to reverse his manœuvres, and pay a visit to *his* side of the grass.

"Cupboard love," called the girl resentfully from *her* side.

The man frowned—he frowned so fiercely that the baby's smiling lip drooped piteously, and presently the peaceful silence of the summer morning was rent with screams.

"Now look what you've done!" said the girl.

She leant as far over the wall as she could, and called and coaxed and pleaded, but the baby would have none of her, and refused to be comforted till the old woman, who alone had followed the baby's young mother to her last resting-place, and who had been mother and father both to the baby since, came from the back door of Number Five, with her arms all soapsuds, and her kindly face all concern, and picked him up, and carried him off to the house.

The girl and the man eyed each other guiltily across the baby's rug.

"It was your fault," she accused.

"It's always my fault," said the man enigmatically.

"Elizabeth will think we have been teasing him," said the girl.

"Elizabeth may think what she likes," said the man.

"I believe she is quite jealous of our attentions to baby," the girl submitted after a pause. "Poor baby! no one loves him like I do."

"And Elizabeth," he supplemented.

"Yes," she agreed reluctantly. "And Elizabeth."

"And myself," he said.

She looked faintly resentful.

"Men *never* love babies," she declared firmly.

"Don't they?" he said. "It doesn't follow that they don't because they can't talk nonsense to them like women can, or because they don't go about telling everyone they do. A man may love a good many things——"

"Babies are not 'things,'" she interrupted wrathfully.

"Well—people, then," he corrected himself. "A man may love a good many people, and yet be afraid to say so for fear of being laughed at."

"A man should not be afraid of anything" she told him loftily. "If I were a man, I should not be. Good-morning!"

She disappeared from the wall.

That evening the girl went in to Number Five to see the baby bathed.

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That evening the girl went in to Number Five to see the baby bathed.

It was a great proceeding, and the baby and the girl and old Elizabeth laughed, and seemed to enjoy themselves so much that the man next door, listening to the sounds of mirth, was bitterly regretful, that because he was a mere man, and no relation to anybody, he was not invited to the ceremony.

As a matter of fact, he had several times thought of inviting himself, but was afraid of being laughed at, as, indeed, he probably would have been.

The baby sat in a small, white, round bath, and smacked at the water with both dimpled hands, till the girl and Elizabeth, who knelt like the adoring Magi on either side, one holding the towel and the other the sponge, looked as if they had been caught in a sharp shower of rain.

The girl's lips smiled, but her eyes were rather wistful.

"How proud his mother would have been," she said.

Old Elizabeth shook her head mournfully, and squeezed a sponge full of water down the baby's dimpled back.

"It seems odd that they should have been quite alone in the world," said the girl again, thinking of the young couple who had had such a short taste of happiness. "Everyone has relations or friends, don't they?"

"Some folk's relations and friends are best let alone," said the old woman. "Aren't they, my precious?" This last to the baby, who had seized the soap and was doing his best to swallow it.

Then the baby was lifted out of the bath amid screams of protestation, and the man next door left his work and went out into the little strip of front garden, for he knew that the great function was nearly at an end, and that the girl would soon be coming out to go home.

He was leaning over his gate smoking when she appeared.

"Isn't it a glorious evening?" he said.

The girl said it was.

She paused a moment, and stood looking down the road towards the churchyard, with the glory of the setting sun in her eyes.

"Do you know," she said suddenly, "I believe there is a sort of mystery about Bubbles."

They had nicknamed the baby "Bubbles" on account of his curly hair, though the registrar had entered him in his books as Lionel Graham Danvers.

"Oh!" said the man. "I have often thought there might be something—Danvers, poor chap, told me himself that they had made a runaway match. Perhaps there is a ducal father in the background somewhere."

"Anyway," said the girl decidedly, "I think Elizabeth ought to let him know if there is. She is an old woman herself, and if anything happened to her, what would become of Bubbles?"

"I should adopt him," said the man promptly.

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"No," the girl maintained, "*I* should do that. A woman can look after a child much better than a man."

"Then you will have to adopt me, too," the man declared.

The girl coloured.

"I think you're very silly this evening," she said. She opened the gate of Number Seven and shut it after her very determinedly, as if to show the man most distinctly that she wished to exclude him.

The man sighed and went back to his picture.

* * * * *

It was at the end of the summer that old Elizabeth fell ill—so ill, that the doctor came and shook his head gravely over her—so ill, that Bubbles left Number Five and took up his abode at Number Seven with the girl, much to the man's chagrin—so ill, that one night the doctor told the man, who hovered about between the three villas like a restless ghost, that she would never get any better, and that she wanted to see him.

It was a rosy September evening when the man went into Number Five, where old Elizabeth lay dying; and when the last glow of the sunset had faded, he went quickly to Number Seven and fetched the baby for Elizabeth to kiss; and in the early morning, when the birds were waking up and beginning to twitter under the eaves, old Elizabeth closed her eyes and went to sleep for ever.

* * * * *

"And, of course, I shall keep the baby," said the girl.

It was the evening after old Elizabeth's funeral, and the girl and the man were talking together at the door of the girl's house.

The baby was asleep upstairs.

"Perhaps the ducal grandfather will turn up," he said smiling, though with an underlying seriousness.

The girl made no comment, perhaps because she thought it so extremely unlikely.

"Supposing he did?" persisted the man. "You could not keep the baby then, could you?"

The girl turned on him sharply.

"Please do not suggest such horrid things. There can be no relations. It is a long time since the mother died. They would have come before. I can earn enough to keep us both, and there is a little that Elizabeth left, and——"

"Elizabeth may have purposely tried to keep Bubbles from his relatives," said the man. "You know his father and mother made a runaway match. I should say there are most likely to be some friends somewhere."

The girl flushed angrily.

"You are jealous," she said. "Jealous because I want to keep Bubbles. How can you suggest that anyone will take him away?"

The man eyed her wistfully.

"Perhaps—perhaps I am—jealous," he said. "But—not in the way you think."

Then he went away.

* * * * *

It was a week later that the man walked into the little back garden of Number Seven, where the girl was sitting on the grass playing with the baby in the sunshine.

His face was disturbed; he held a letter in his hand.

"Take Bubbles indoors," he said. "I want to speak to you."

The girl glanced up quickly, and the laughter died from her eyes.

She looked apprehensively at the letter he carried, but she asked no questions, and, gathering the baby in her arms, disappeared into the house.

When she came back her face was very pale.

"It is the ducal grandfather, I suppose?" she said.

She spoke in the tone of one who longs for contradiction, even while knowing there can be none.

"Yes," said the man. He withheld the letter when she would have taken it. "I have something to tell you first," he said.

He sat down by the girl's side on a little rustic seat beneath the one tree in the tiny garden that afforded any shade.

"The night old Elizabeth died," he began, "she asked for me—you know that?"

The girl nodded.

"It was then that she told me who Bubbles really is. His mother was the only daughter of Sir William Ferrars. Danvers was her father's secretary, and they ran away together. The family cut them off entirely—only old Elizabeth, who had nursed the baby's mother when she was a child, stuck to them. She tried—through jealousy, I believe—to keep the child from its relations. She said that if they would not forgive the mother they should not have the child. When she was dying, she realised that she had done wrong. She asked me to put it right—to let Sir William know——"

He paused.

"Well?" said the girl.

"So I wrote to him," the man said simply. "This letter is from him. They are going to fetch Bubbles to-morrow."

There was a moment's silence; then the

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girl sprang to her feet, her eyes blazing in her white face.

"How dared you! — oh, how dared you!" she cried, "without telling me—without saying a word! I won't let him go —to be alone with strangers — my Bubbles! It would break his little heart! They shall not have him——"

She broke off despairingly.

"It was my duty," said the man doggedly. "What right have we—you or I—to stand in the child's way? His place is with his own people. Some day the title will be his. Dear, I know how you will feel it, but it was the only thing to do —the best thing. You must see that."

"I don't — I don't," said the girl passionately. "They will never love him as I do. I hate you for what you have done. I will never forgive you, *never*."

She burst into tears and fled into the house.

The man, following a few minutes later, saw her on her knees by the baby's cradle, sobbing, with her face among his curls; but Bubbles—quite unwitting — was cooing softly, and trying to catch a sunbeam that filtered in at the window.

* * * * *

And the next day Bubbles went away.

It was a week later that the man walked into the little back garden of Number Seven, where the girl was sitting on the grass playing with the baby in the sunshine.

The quiet street was electrified by the sight of a carriage and pair driving up to the green-painted door of Number Seven, and Bubbles' white-haired and aristocratic grandfather walking up the narrow gravel path, followed by an equally white-haired, aristocratic old lady.

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Then the door was opened and they both vanished inside, and the carriage waited in the sunshine, with the smart footman standing by the open door, and the smart coachman sitting in stolid immobility on the box, and the occupants of the other villas in the quiet street possessed their souls in as much patience as they could muster, and longed to know what was going on behind the door of Number Seven.

And at last they came out—the white-haired old lady first, her veil thrown back, and tears on her withered cheeks—and Bubbles, a vision of golden curls and smiles, held tightly in her arms.

Then the old gentleman—a little broken-looking, and less severe than when he went in—and then the man from Number Three, who had helped the girl tell all she knew of the death of the baby's father and mother and old Elizabeth—and the old couple got into the carriage again with Bubbles, and the smart footman shut the door, and the smart coachman whipped up his horses, and away they went down the quiet street in the September sunshine, and the man stood on the doorstep looking after them, with eyes that were a little misty, as the last glimmer of the baby's golden curls vanished in the distance.

Then he went slowly back to his own house and tried to work, and forget that the girl was breaking her heart alone at Number Seven, and that he could not go and comfort her because she had said that she hated him, and that she would never forgive him.

And all that evening he listened for her gate to open, or for some sign—but none came—and all the next day he roamed restlessly from window to door, and back again to window, but he did not see her.

Only the empty, blank windows of Number Five stared at him like wide, sad eyes, and the sparrows, twittering softly in the waning sunlight, seemed to be mourning for the golden curls and the baby voice that were now but a memory among them.

And a whole week passed, and he never saw the girl at all, and the week dragged into a fortnight, and the fortnight into three weeks, and then one day they came face to face in the street.

The girl was walking hurriedly, but the man stepped into her path and stopped her.

"Have you been away?" he asked.

She lifted her eyes to his face and let them fall.

"Yes," she said. Her lip dragged for a moment. "I could not bear to see it empty—at Number Five," she added.

"It was empty at Number Seven also—for me," said the man gravely.

His eyes were wistful—he looked like a man who had lain awake at night and worried.

"I am going to see Bubbles to-morrow," said the girl defiantly.

"Are you?" said the man. His eyes swept her flushed face jealously. "Perhaps he will not know you," he added.

The girl drew up her slim figure in hurt dignity.

"How dare you suggest such a thing?" she demanded. "You were always jealous—of course he will know me." She flung away from him without another glance.

* * * * *

The next night, when the man was sitting alone trying to work, a note was brought to him.

It was addressed in the girl's writing.

He hastily dropped his pencil and carried it over to the window.

The letter which he took from the envelope was blurred and smudged as if with tears.

"DEAR MAN"—the girl had written—"Bubbles did not know me. He has a most beautiful nursery and wonderful toys, and they have given him a lace frock. When I tried to take him in my arms he cried, and pushed me away. He isn't our Bubbles any more—he will never be our Bubbles again, and I am so unhappy."

The man read no more. He stuffed the poor little letter into his pocket and went out of the house and down the garden path to the gate of Number Seven.

At the door he lifted his hand to the knocker, but there was no need, for the girl had seen him coming and ran to open the door.

She was smiling in spite of the tears in her eyes.

"May I come in?" said the man, but it was an unnecessary question.

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Almond oil and vaseline, mixed half and half and warmed, make the eyebrows beautifully glossy.

The Woman Beautiful

No. IX.—HOW TO LOOK PRETTY IN THE EVENING.

By Augusta Prescott.

Though Most Ladies Can Dress Appropriately in the Daytime, it is Not Given to All to Array Themselves to the Best Advantage for Evening Functions. This Article Gives Many Useful Hints for Evening Toilettes.

Daytime is rather prosaic at best. But when it comes to evening a woman wants to look her prettiest. In the glamour of the lights and the fascinations of the shadows it is only fitting that she should be beautiful. Moreover, there is very little excuse for her being otherwise.

The woman who does not know how to look pretty in the evening is to be pitied. She loses the greater share of the admiration which should be hers in life, and she also loses the satisfaction of knowing that she is at her best.

To look pretty and to know that you are looking pretty; to look your best and to know that you are looking your best; to be admired, courted, petted, and flattered—these are the things which make life worth living to any woman.

And a woman never outgrows the age when she likes to be admired. If she be of the right sort, she is as fond of adulation at sixty as she was at twenty.

It is within only two or three years—and perhaps one might say within a single year—that the home woman, the domestic woman, and the woman of a family have been initiated into the mystery. Now it is open secret to every woman who wants to an learn it.

Looking nice in the evening is a distinct art. A woman may know how to look fairly well in the daytime, yet be wholly ignorant of the knowledge of how to look well at night. The shadows make her ghastly. She may know how to dress for calling and the street, yet be wholly ignorant of how to array herself for dinner. In the theatre and in the drawing-room at night she is a freak; yet the knowledge of how to look well by gaslight is quite as essential as the knowledge of how to look pretty in the daytime.

In the first place—and without hope of escape from it—the woman who is going to look pretty in the evening must reconcile herself to the use of artifice. This does not mean that she must bleach her hair, but that she must take advantage of all the harmless little means provided for her beauty.

If she is a dainty woman, she will want scented soaps, nice face-powders, good lotions and creams, and she will want materials to make the hair glossy and the finger-nails bright. She must make herself bewitching, and she cannot do this unless she is willing to go to a little trouble and a little—though a very little—expense.

A certain woman went to a beauty specialist.

"Please make me look pretty," said she.

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"I am going to a reception, and I want to look my best."

"Then I must touch your lips with alcohol to make them red and to get off the old skin," said the specialist. "And I must massage your cheeks with skin-food to plump them out and make them full. And I must dust a little powder into the open pores of your skin to make it smooth and to preserve it."

"Impossible," said the woman, "for I never use skin-foods, and I am opposed to the use of powder or anything else that is artificial."

"Very well," smiled the beauty specialist. "Then I can do nothing at all for you. A little artifice is necessary in my business, and, when I make up my patrons, I wave the hair and use the curling-tongs, and I employ pompadour and hairpins. I also use pins, curls, and hair ornaments. When it comes to the face, I use flesh foods, powders, and all the other things that I consider absolutely essential. Are you willing, madame?"

To make the lips a good colour, and remove old skin from them, apply a touch of alcohol.

The lady hesitated. "You may go ahead," said she.

An hour later, when she emerged from the dressing-room of the beauty specialist, she was a vision of prettiness. The transformation had been complete. She had entered the "beauty shop" a commonplace, middle-aged woman of unprepossessing mien. She came out looking a very pretty young woman, charming in each dainty detail. As for her age, at least ten years had been taken off it by her new looks.

In this case the beauty specialist had bestowed special attention upon the eyebrows, which were rather light. Taking a tiny little brush, she had dipped it in melted vaseline and almond-oil, mixed half and half, and warmed the mixture. With this thick, oily substance she went over the eyebrows half-a-dozen times, making them glossy and dark. Then, taking a bit of absorbent cotton, she had wiped away the superfluous oil.

"If you would do this every night of your life," said she, "you would soon be rewarded with a pair of dark and beautifully-shaped eyebrows."

When it came to the skin, the beauty doctor massaged it well; but not before her patient had washed it in very hot water and scrubbed it with a face scrubbing-brush. She went over the face, neck, and arms, scouring well. Her materials were hot water and home-made soap jelly. Then she washed the soap jelly off with water, in which there was a little powdered borax, and about a pinch of oatmeal to a basin of water. In the last rinsing water she put a little benzoin to scent the skin.

Meanwhile, an attendant had been busy upon the hair, which was washed and fanned dry. It was then rubbed with the hands until it shone. And, after five minutes of brisk brushing, to bring out the natural oils, it was waved.

The waving extended all over the head. Almost each hair was treated so that the head looked naturally waved, as is the case with curly hair. And then the hair was scented.

Then, from the depths of a drawer which was heavy with sweetness, the beauty doctor took out a little, heliotrope silk cap, shaped

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something like a night-cap. This was lined and wadded, and from its interior there came a bewitching scent of heliotrope.

Taking it in her hand, the beauty doctor gave it a vigorous shake. "That is to wake up the scent," said she. Then, slipping it over the lady's head, she patted it down flat, and tied it under the chin. The entire cap, even to the strings, was scented heavily with heliotrope.

"If you had been going to wear rose," said she, "I would have given you a rose-coloured silk cap lined with rose sachet powder. Or, if you had been going to wear green I would have given you a clover-leaf coloured cap, scented with sweet clover. I believe," she added with a smile, "that there is an affinity between colours and scents."

Then, going back to the complexion, she took out a big, fat powder-puff, and dipped it in a bowl of brunette face-powder.

"You are dark," said she, "and you need a dark powder. If you were light, I would use a blonde powder. You see, I am trying to fill up your pores. This is to protect them—as they are very open—and also to make your skin look smoother."

Covering the face thickly with powder, she stepped back and surveyed the job.

"Splendid," said she. "And, by the time you are ready to go out, there will be just the right kind of lustre. Your skin will be smooth and pretty, with all that dull, pasty look gone. Powder, in the case of a much-neglected skin like yours, should be put on very thickly. In a few minutes it will be absorbed by the skin, which opens its big and much-abused pores to receive it. The result is good, and the surface of the skin is restored."

A silk cap, lined and wadded, and filled with scented powder, imparts a delightful odour to the hair.

Some women look best from a side view, and these should always present the profile to onlookers when possible.

The beauty doctor went on to explain that, if the skin were kept clean and treated with beauty lotions and skin-foods, in time it would not require this powder treatment; but that, in the case of a neglected skin, there was nothing else that would take its place.

"Now," said she, "I am going to bleach your neck and arms and hands, for they need it. I think I shall use lanolin and peroxide, which will make the neck and shoulders snow-white. And then I hope you will keep them so. The stains upon your fingers I will remove with alcohol and pumice. And then I shall massage them until they are soft and white."

The beauty doctor, talking as she worked, gradually transformed her patient.

"I am making you into a swan," said she, in answer to an inquiring look from the woman in the chair. "You are to be heliotrope, are you not? Then I shall pin this bunch of artificial French violets in your hair, which is a certain shade of brown. You

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must be all in harmony. If your hair were dark the violets would not do at all; and if it were blonde, they would be insipid. But your hair is a mouse-coloured brown, and you need the vigorous purple of the violets to help it out. I shall also put a few violets in your corsage to bring out the violet lights of your eyes, which might otherwise be called grey. Now, madam, you see yourself a demure beauty. Your shoulders are snowy-white, and they slope beautifully in that old-fashioned way which is so fashionable now. You are a pretty woman. Under the glare of the electric lights your hair will shine, and you will stand forth a well-groomed beauty."

Grooming is, after all, the thing. Grooming and good care. There are women who must always be careful. They must be careful of the expression; careful of the pose of the head; careful of the profile; and careful of the way they hold the neck and face.

There are women who look best from a side view; and these women, if they are wise, will try to display the profile. They should always have their picture taken in that way. There are other women who are at their best in a coquettish mood, and they should always try to flirt a little. And there are women —though these are very few — who look prettiest when they are serious.

Study your looks, study your face, know your moods and your tenses. And try to look pretty. In the daytime, when one is worried and busy, there is some excuse for a careless, flustered look. But at night, when one is at leisure, and has had time to rest, there is very little to be said for the woman who does not present an attractive appearance.

If the attraction of your appearance is enhanced by a coquettish mood, always try to flirt a little.

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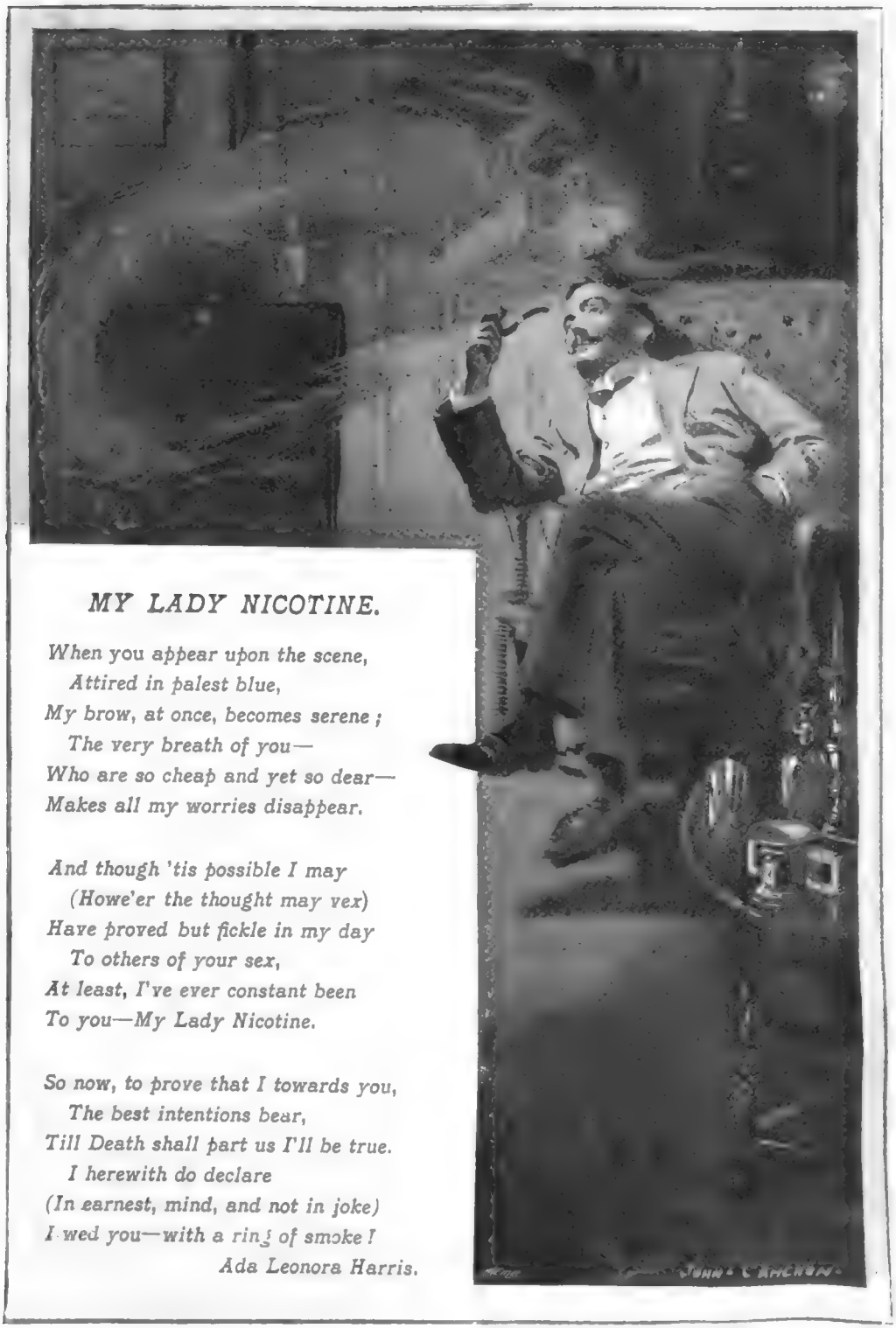

MY LADY NICOTINE.

When you appear upon the scene,
Attired in palest blue,
My brow, at once, becomes serene;
The very breath of you—
Who are so cheap and yet so dear—
Makes all my worries disappear.

And though 'tis possible I may
(Howe'er the thought may vex)
Have proved but fickle in my day
To others of your sex,
At least, I've ever constant been
To you—My Lady Nicotine.

So now, to prove that I towards you,
The best intentions bear,
Till Death shall part us I'll be true.
I herewith do declare
(In earnest, mind, and not in joke)
I wed you—with a ring of smoke!

Ada Leonora Harris.

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THE QUESTS of PAUL BECK.

No. IX.—'TWIXT THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA.

By M. McDonnell Bodkin, K.C.

Another Example of the Wonderful Ability of Paul Beck, the Famous Detective.

(A Complete Story.)

"What did you say?" asked Mr. Beck, a little surprised, and half suspecting a joke.

"I want you to go to Hong Kong."

There was no hint of merriment in the speaker's strong face or steady voice. Indeed, Mr. Livingston was not a man at all given to jesting. High up in the service of Lloyds' great shipping insurance agency, he was reputed one of the shrewdest and gravest business men in the City. Mr. Beck had met him in his inner sanctum by appointment this morning, and the result was this startling suggestion.

"To go to Hong Kong?"

"Just so; starting in three days' time. Can you?"

"Of course I can. The real question is, will I? What is it for?"

"Well, it's this way. You know Joshua Marable?"

"Well; big shipowner and strike breaker."

"Those are the very words I wanted. You remember, of course, how he broke up the dockyard strike, imported coolies and all that. Well, the workmen never forgave him. There were threats of dynamite at the time, and it seems they were meant. Last year there was an infernal machine found in the cellar of his house in Park Lane. It missed fire somehow, as these things do. But there was enough dynamite in it to blow up a row of houses, and the scoundrel who put it there was never caught.

"You were not on that job," he added, after a second's pause, and Mr. Beck smiled genially at the implied compliment. "Unluckily," the other went on, "it did not end there. Marable, as perhaps you know, does the very cream of the Chinese trade—leaves the skimmed milk to the others. He carries only picked tea crops—the delicate tips you know, worth anything from five shillings a pound upwards, rich silks, and fine porcelain—regular shiploads of gold. He insures with us, and last year two of his vessels were lost. You follow me?"

Mr. Beck nodded gravely.

"It was the biggest loss we have had for fifty years. Of the first of the vessels nothing was ever heard. It must have gone down with all hands on board. But from the other, one man, a doctor named Dalton, escaped by a miracle. He was a strong swimmer, and was in the sea for nine hours, clinging to a spar, before he was picked up. He told of a terrible explosion in mid-ocean that tossed him into the water like a cork. He is a shrewd fellow, mind you, and he does not think it was steam. There was no gunpowder on board, so——"

"You suspect dynamite?"

"You've hit it. We think a clockwork infernal machine may have been put on board before they started. They can wind them, I believe, to go for a month, or perhaps the devil who did the job may have stepped off at some port they touched at and left the little keepsake behind him.

"Now, Marable is not a man to be put down. He's plucky, and straight as they make them, though perhaps a bit too hard when his blood is up. He has made up his mind to go the next trip himself in his own

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boat, *The Queen*—the newest and best of his fleet—which clears for Shanghai the day after to-morrow.

"He was here with me yesterday about the insurance. His impression is that his going himself may make things all square.

"I take a different view. I don't doubt he will keep a sharp eye out for his boat's sake and his own. But it seems pretty plain that this devilish plot is aimed at him, and the devils will be keen on the chance to send him and his boat to the bottom together. I want a better pair of eyes than his to watch. There are no man's eyes I would sooner trust than yours if you can go. Don't answer me for a moment," the agent went on hastily, as if he feared a refusal. "*The Queen* is a passenger as well as a cargo boat, and is as comfortable as the best. I have reserved two berths for you, and an assistant if you want one. It's a big thing, Mr. Beck; I know that. I don't talk now of the fee, though naturally that would be a big thing, too. But you may save a shipload of people from a horrible death. Of course, there's the same risk for yourself; but——"

"I'll go," interrupted Mr. Beck quietly.

"I thought so," responded the other, with a shrewd smile; he knew it was the last few words that had caught his man. "Now, as to the fee—would a thousand pounds——"

"It's a gamble with death," said Mr. Beck gravely, "let us make it a complete gamble; nothing if I fail, two thousand if *The Queen* comes back safe to London; three if I catch the dynamitard."

"Done!" said Mr. Livingston.

"Is the owner to know I'm going?"

"That rests with you. We leave the matter wholly in your hands. He knows nothing so far. Tell him or not, as you choose. Will you take an assistant?"

"Perhaps; I'll take the two berths anyway, if you don't mind. Well, I'm off. I've some things to see to before I start."

"Good-bye and good luck. I'll have much pleasure in drawing you a cheque for three thousand."

Two hours before *The Queen* started, Mr. Beck stepped on board, carrying a big kit-bag, which constituted his entire equipment for China and back if Fate should see good to let him come back.

An hour later Mr. Marable arrived, and Mr. Beck, from a quiet corner, watched him come on board. He was a big, square man, with a big, round face, whose appearance claimed instant liking and respect. The large head was liberally thatched with a thick crop of wavy, light-brown hair, in which only a rare streak of silver showed. His blue eyes shone genially under thick eyebrows. His face was full of good-humoured benevolence. Only the firm lips and the obtrusive chin hinted the fighting qualities of the man who had broken one of the fiercest strikes that London had ever known.

As was perhaps natural, he had much luggage, with which a couple of porters struggled, while he came on board carrying a large black bag. Mr. Beck, who noted everything, noticed that the weight of this bag seemed to strain his strong right arm.

Captain Manley—a handsome, well-set up young fellow—greeted the owner as he stepped on deck, and Mr. Beck heard him say as they shook hands: "Miss Wilson has come, sir. I gave her the best berth."

"That's all right, my boy," replied Mr. Marable genially, and, following the porters, he went below with his luggage, still carrying the large black bag.

Sharp at the appointed hour the bell rang, and the vessel crept slowly out of her berth, feeling her way through the throng of shipping in the dock, and gathering speed as she went. It was dead calm, and when the harbour was cleared, and *The Queen* was cutting the water cleanly on an even keel, the passengers in the splendid saloon felt no hint of the swift motion that carried them eastwards.

All on board were seasoned sea-goers—all except one, and all but one settled down speedily and easily to the pleasant, lazy life on shipboard. The exception was Miss Haidée Wilson—a slim, pale, pretty girl, whom the doctors had sent on a long sea voyage for health's sake, and whose millionaire father, busy about many things, had reluctantly intrusted her to the guardianship of his old friend Mr. Marable.

She sat at the right hand of the captain at dinner in the sumptuous dining-saloon, resplendent with rare woodwork, with sea pictures let into the panels, but she hardly tasted the dainties abundantly provided. A sweet-faced girl was Miss Wilson, with a certain gentle languor of movement that added to her charm. Mr. Marable sat at the captain's left hand, and Mr. Beck some places down at the same table. The meal was invariably luxurious, worthy of the best hotel on shore; the fowl and the fish as fresh as if they had just come from the farmyard or the river.

They might have been on land again, for any suggestion of motion in that spacious saloon. The illusion of perfect rest was

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complete, save now and again as the great vessel, swinging ever so slowly to the smooth swell, gave a glimpse through a sinking port-hole of the blue sea and the white or red-sailed vessels that went racing past with the speed of their own swift motion.

Before they were three days out, something happened to send a current of excitement through the stagnation of quiet, every-day life on shipboard. Of the thirty passengers, one was missed. In the bustle of departure his absence was not noticed. But when his place for three days stood vacant at the table, inquiries were made, and it was found that his luggage was in his berth, but no one had seen the man himself come aboard.

The incident stimulated a certain vague disquiet that was already abroad amongst the passengers, for rumours of Mr. Marable's misfortunes had gone about.

"Why," they whispered amongst themselves, "had this man funked the voyage at the last moment, after his luggage had come aboard?" and could find no satisfactory answer.

At a hint from Mr. Beck, dropped casually in the captain's ear, the luggage was carefully examined, but nothing in the least dangerous or suspicious was found.

From the moment he had stepped on board Mr. Beck's eyes and ears had been on the alert. He had nothing to go upon. It was his method to look out for his facts first, and work them into a theory afterwards, as a child fits the bits of a puzzle map into their places.

As he himself was fond of saying, he worked by rule of thumb. He searched all places, likely and unlikely. If he did not find what he expected, he lost no time in searching for it elsewhere. Experience had taught him to regard nothing as impossible, nothing as incredible. From the first he was inclined to suspect the owner, who pocketed the insurance money, and his curiosity was excited by the big, black dressing-bag which Mr. Marable had carried so carefully aboard in his own hand.

After lunch one day, while Mr. Marable, with a fragrant cigar between his lips and Miss Wilson on his arm, was pacing the long promenade deck, to which the rare combination of cool breeze and bright sunshine had tempted the passengers, Mr. Beck stepped quietly into the owner's state-room with a skeleton key, which was an "open sesame" to most locks.

The black bag, which had tempted his curiosity, lay in a corner, and he began operations at once. The bag, as he expected, was very heavy for its size, but the lock was not by any means as facile as he anticipated. This increased Mr. Beck's suspicions. Why so good and so rare a lock on a mere leather bag, which could be easily cut to pieces? But could it be cut to pieces?

He took a sharp-pointed borer from his tool-bag, and ran it into the bottom of the bag. The point grazed on a thin lining of fine steel. Mr. Beck was more determined than ever to see the inside of the bag. A quarter of an hour, he thought, at the most, would do it, and he set to work fitting and filing his skeleton key.

The work was almost done, when he heard a quick, heavy step—a step that he knew was Mr. Marable's—in the passage.

Mr. Beck's nerves were of steel, but he may be pardoned if the sharp tool he was using at the moment slipped, and scratched the silver plating of the lock slightly, and scored his thumb deeply. He was almost caught in the act. The next moment he laid the bag softly in its place, and skipped into the berth behind the drawn curtains. Not a second too soon. Mr. Marable came briskly into the state-room.

The curtains were still shaking, and, let it be confessed, Mr. Beck was shaking, too. The situation was delicate and trying. If he were caught he might perhaps clear himself of the charge of burglary by revealing his real character of detective.

But the alternative was as bad. To explain his presence he must confess that he suspected the owner of a design to blow up his own vessel and all on board. Mr. Beck had had many close squeaks in his adventurous life, but he never felt himself in a tighter place than when he crouched breathless behind those curtains.

Mr. Marable came hastily, out of breath, into the room, and glanced sharply around. Fortunately the shaking curtains were out of range of that first look. He picked the black bag from the floor, drew the keys from his pocket, and for a moment it seemed as if he would unlock it. But he changed his mind, and put it down unopened. Then he walked to the dressing-table, and touched his hair lightly with a silver-backed brush and twisted the ends of his moustache.

Amusement struggled with Mr. Beck's fright as he watched. Mr. Marable was the last man on earth that one would have suspected of personal vanity.

Finally, he saw him take a fine cambric handkerchief from a drawer in the wardrobe, sprinkle on it a few drops of perfume,

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crush it into the pocket of his lounge-coat, and turn for the door.

Mr. Beck's courage rose at his departure. It was an accidental interruption after all; the man suspected nothing. Then, while Mr. Beck was chuckling at his escape, Mr. Marable paused just at the door, turned, and stepped back straight across the cabin to the berth. His hand was on the curtain, and Mr. Beck's heart was in his mouth, when Mr. Marable changed his mind again, dropped the curtain, which he had raised a little, and went out without looking back or closing the door behind him. As the sound of his footstep died away down the passage, Mr. Beck made a dash like a ferreted rabbit for his own cabin.

Still his suspicions were not wholly appeased. He felt he must get another look at the black bag, so the next morning, when he found Mr. Marable lolling with a book and a cigar on deck, he tried a new lead.

"Might I distu) you for a moment?"

Mr. Marable looked up lazily, but with a smile that invited disturbance.

"I think I saw you reading THE ROYAL MAGAZINE yesterday," said Mr. Beck smoothly. "If you have quite finished with it, there is an article I should like very much to see——"

"Certainly," interrupted Mr. Marable courteously. "It's in my cabin; I'll fetch it."

"Oh, don't trouble," said Mr. Beck, "if I might be allowed?"

"You are very good," yielded Mr. Marable lazily, "you'll find the magazine on the table, or in one of the drawers. Seven is the number of the cabin."

The black bag was on the table when Mr. Beck got to the cabin. He pounced on it swiftly and silently as a panther on its prey. He had his skeleton key in his hand ready, but it was not needed. The bag was unlocked this time, and opened at a touch, and the detective found he was all wrong. It was a perfectly innocent bag that lay open before him—a dressing-case and a dispatch-box combined. There were heavy gold toilet fittings, and documents which Mr. Beck could see at a glance were of immense importance. The steel lining was covered on the inside with dark blue silk. Mr. Beck examined the bag thoroughly, and then put it down with a little sigh, in which surprise and relief were curiously blended.

"Found what you wanted?" asked Mr. Marable as he passed him on the deck.

"Yes," Mr. Beck answered courteously, "I found exactly what I wanted."

Yet he did not read his magazine when he got to his seat, but sat thinking, with his fingers between the pages. It was always his way when one door was closed in his face to look hard for another opening.

As a result of his thinking, he spoke to Mr. Marable as they came together on deck after dinner for the inevitable smoke.

"Could I have a word or two with you, sir, on private and important business?"

"Certainly, old chap. Fire away!"

"It is too important and too private to be talked of here."

Mr. Marable looked at the grave face, and grew grave in sympathy.

"Come down to my state-room," he said, and led the way.

"To begin with," said Mr. Beck, when the door of the state-room had been closed and locked behind them, "let me introduce myself. I am a detective. I have been employed by Lloyds' people to look after this dynamite business on your vessels. My name is Beck—you may have heard of me."

"Heard of you! Of course I have. Seen your picture in the illustrated papers. Stupid of me not to know you at the first look. Delighted you've come, Mr. Beck, the very man for the job," and he stretched a welcoming hand to the detective.

"Wait," said Mr. Beck, "I have a confession to make first. You mayn't be so ready to shake hands with me afterwards. Yesterday I stole into your state-room and tried to burglarise your black bag. I had almost succeeded when you came in by chance. I hid behind those curtains."

Mr. Marable's face was a picture of blank amazement. "By Jove!" was all he could stammer out.

Mr. Beck went on quietly: "I made a pretence of that magazine to get into your cabin to-day. I found the black bag on the table open, and I examined it carefully."

Mr. Marable found his tongue at last, too amazed it seemed for anger. "Why, you don't mean to say you suspected me of those devilish outrages?"

"I only mean to say that I thought it my duty to investigate thoroughly. I think it my duty now to tell you and to invite your confidence and help in my future investigations."

Mr. Marable remained silent for a moment. His genial face had grown grave, almost stern. But there was no anger in his voice, when he spoke at last.

"I don't deny, Mr. Beck," he said, "that I feel deeply humiliated by what you have just told me. It is horrible to have been

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suspected, even for one moment, of so hideous a crime. But I hope I am a just man, and I have no right to be angry. You did not know me personally; it was your duty, as you say, to investigate everything, to suspect everyone. I am glad you told me. It was plucky and straightforward of you Let bygones be bygones. Of course I will help you all I can in your quest."

The very next morning there was more matter for investigation. A ghost had been seen in one of the corridors about midnight by Miss Wilson as she went to fetch a book from the saloon. It moaned and she fainted. That was all she knew. But the story was supplemented by the steward, who reported that a bottle of champagne and a chicken had been stolen from the pantry.

The captain had a council of war in his own room, consisting of the owner, Miss Wilson, and the steward. At Mr. Marable's suggestion, Mr. Beck was specially invited to the consultation.

The lady and the steward told their story.

Miss Wilson was very pale and wonderfully pretty. She had not yet recovered from her fright. "I'm ashamed of myself," she said; "but I am so afraid of ghosts. If I had thought it was a man I would have grabbed him."

"Anyone would have been frightened," murmured the captain sympathetically, but he did not himself look like a man whom it would be easy to frighten.

"Don't fret, my dear young lady," broke in Mr. Marable briskly. "The fellow cannot escape us unless he is able to swim a thousand miles or so to the nearest land.

"He is on board for no good, that's certain," he added as an afterthought. "Likely as not he is at the bottom of this horrible dynamite business. What do you say, Mr. Beck—do you begin to see light?"

"I shouldn't be surprised if he had something to do with it," said Mr. Beck judiciously; "he may help us to the truth, but you've first got to catch your hare, as the cookery books remark."

"How do you mean to catch him?" cried Miss Wilson with the liveliest interest.

"That ought to be a simple job enough, my dear young lady. We'll set a little trap for him, and bait it with a bottle of champagne. Have you by any chance such a thing as a reel of fine black thread, silk preferred?"

"Certainly; in my cabin."

"Will you be good enough to fetch it?"

"First tell me your plan, please. I cannot understand how the black thread can catch him."

She pleaded so prettily that Mr. Beck smiled and yielded. He was human, and never could resist a pretty girl's pleading. "It is simplicity itself," he said. "I will have a bottle of champagne left where our midnight marauder will be likely to find it, with one end of your black thread tied to the neck of the bottle. The reel will run out as he goes. He cannot see it, of course, in the dark. He will carry the bottle to his hiding place. Then, even if he breaks the thread off, it doesn't matter. The next morning——"

"Oh, I see, I see," she cried delightedly; "how simple and clever! I'll fetch the thread at once; I love to be in a game of this kind."

The young captain looked as if he also loved to be in a game of some kind with the same player, but he said nothing.

Mr. Beck's trap caught the bird. Next morning a line of thin black thread lay along the snow white deck, with the end almost under one of the boats that hung at the davits, covered over with tarpaulin.

A couple of stout seamen went up the davits to the boat, and in a moment the stowaway was dragged from his hiding-place.

It was not by any means a prepossessing figure that stood on the deck in a long white night robe confronting the stern captain, amid a crowd of passengers standing around, amazed and angry, and buzzing with indignation like a swarm of startled bees.

He was a pale, lank youth—very pale and thin—with a receding forehead and lantern jaws and eyes devoid of all expression but utter bewilderment. He seemed to have been suddenly snatched out of a sound sleep, and unable to realise clearly what had happened to him. Perhaps the bottle of champagne drunk overnight had something to do with his bewilderment.

The passengers were wild with rage, convinced that the sneaking, murderous dynamitard had been caught at last. They would have tossed him overboard there and then if the captain had not interposed.

"Easy, gentlemen," he said, stepping in front of the stowaway, "easy, ladies," for the women were as furious as the men. "The chap must have fair play, whatever he is. I will see what he has to say for himself in my cabin. You will come, Mr. Marable, and you, Mr. Beck?"

"May I come, too, captain?" whispered Miss Wilson.

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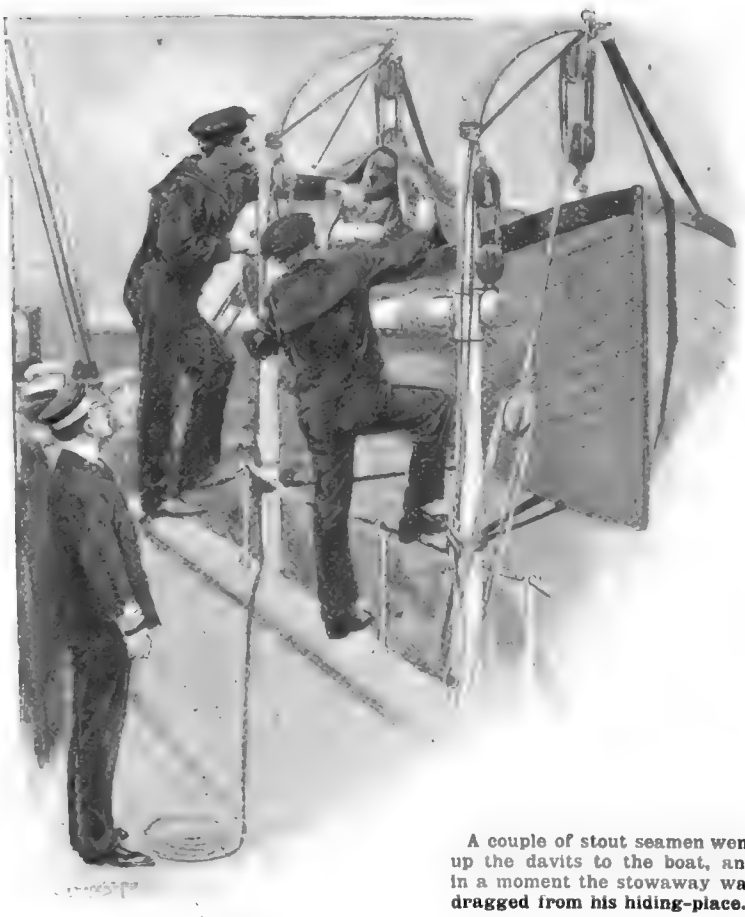
"Certainly," replied the captain; "you are one of our committee of public safety."

The stowaway had got rid of a good deal of his fright by the time they had all come to the captain's cabin. Now he stood upon his privileges; he even posed as an injured person.

"My passage is paid for," he blustered. "I have a right to be on board." To their amazement he produced the order for his berth and his card—Ernest Archer.

"Then why the ——" the captain began angrily, but he caught Miss Wilson's eye and broke off confused. Miss Wilson's presence saved Mr. Archer some particularly strong language.



A couple of stout seamen went up the davits to the boat, and in a moment the stowaway was dragged from his hiding-place.

"The captain wants to know," chipped in Mr. Beck politely, "why you didn't go to your cabin like an ordinary Christian, instead of roosting in that boat?"

"Oh, that, sir," retorted Mr. Archer, "is capable of very easy, and so far as I am concerned, very creditable explanation. I had heard of the dynamite outrages on board Mr. Marable's vessels. I have, I may say without boasting, a curious gift for amateur detective work, which has heretofore been practised only in my own domestic concerns. In this voyage I had hoped to combine duty with pleasure. From my station of secret observation overlooking the vessel—"

"Under a heavy tarpaulin," growled the captain.

"Overlooking the vessel," repeated Mr. Archer firmly, with a reproving eye on the interrupter, "I hoped to be able to detect the perpetrators of this abominable outrage. Your intrusion on my privacy has robbed me of that hope."

He spoke like a man with a grievance. The four eyed each other amazedly.

"Well, of all the cool, confounded donkeys," began the captain, when Mr. Beck interrupted again.

"Perhaps we might be able to discuss the matter better in the absence of this gentleman," he suggested.

Mr. Archer was removed by two able-bodied seamen, both labouring under a strong desire to wring his neck.

"What is Mr. Marable's opinion?" said Mr. Beck deferentially, when the door closed behind them.

"I say, let the fellow loose," responded Mr. Marable promptly.

"Pitch him overboard to the sharks; that's my vote," said the captain. "I've no fancy to sail in such company."

"Oh!" commented Miss Wilson with so much reproach in her voice that the captain was instantly converted. "I mean," he added

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lamely, "we might lock him up safely somewhere; feed him well, of course, and all that, till the ship gets safely to shore."

He looked humbly for approval to Miss Wilson, who refused it.

"My dear sir," interposed Mr. Marable smoothly, "you need not be alarmed for your ship and passengers;" and he glanced shyly at the lady passenger. "Of course, we will keep close watch that the fellow does not leave the vessel. We can trust our good friend Mr. Beck for that."

"But," protested the young lady, "I don't believe he is a dynamitard. I'm sure he isn't."

"I rather think he is, myself," remarked Mr. Marable placidly; "that's why I propose to let him loose. He won't willingly blow himself up, and he cannot blow up the ship without blowing up himself. But he may have set an infernal machine somewhere, believing he could escape. If so, we must give him a chance to unset it. Perhaps we may even catch him and his playthings together if we look sharp."

Mr. Beck sat silent, listening patiently, and glancing from one speaker to another. All of them now turned instinctively to him, willing to accept his verdict.

"If I may express an opinion," he said modestly, under compulsion of their looks, "I entirely agree with Mr. Marable. Our best chance of catching the criminal—if there be a criminal on board to catch—is to let this man go free."

"I'm sure he is innocent," persisted Miss Wilson.

"I'm beginning to think so myself," chimed in the captain shamelessly.

"Anyhow, we must all say so," enjoined Mr. Beck persuasively; "there must be no hint of suspicion. Mr. Archer must enter the saloon without a stain on his character. The captain will inform the passengers that his game of hide-and-seek was a harmless frolic."

The passengers accepted the captain's statement without demur. Mr. Archer was freely received and turned out a much pleasanter person than was expected. He was a wonderful card juggler, sang a good comic song, and knew how to make himself generally agreeable.

The captain alone did not warm to the newcomer. But Miss Wilson was particularly gracious. Mr. Archer was an adept at deck games, and she played with him constantly. A charming picture she made, her hair tossed loose by the wind as she poised and darted the wooden shovel, and sent the wooden disc gliding along the slippery deck. But the captain did not love Mr. Archer a bit better for his part in the picture.

Watching from the isolated grandeur of the bridge, he was more and more convinced that Archer was a deep-dyed criminal. So much attention did he give to their sport and so little to his duties that it is a marvel he did not run the vessel on the nearest desert island.

Mr. Beck, too, watched the newcomer closely. He had speedily wormed himself into Archer's confidence and friendship. They had long confidential talks together, or played chess—a game to which they were both addicted—until the small hours of the morning.

Mr. Marable more than once congratulated Mr. Beck on his adroitness, and Mr. Beck modestly replied: "Congratulate me, sir, when I have caught my man, not before."

Meanwhile the swift vessel sped on her allotted course over the wide curve of the blue Pacific, through calm waters under peaceful skies, carrying her load of human life and mystery and crime.

There was a wireless telegraphic installation on board, and messages from passing ships, or from land they neared or left, were a great source of amusement to the passengers as they swept on and on under the wide, empty, covering dome of the sky.

By degrees Archer slipped out of Miss Wilson's good graces, and Captain Manley stepped in.

It was all the difference between jest and earnest. A new light came to her eyes, a new colour to her cheek, health and happiness visited her together. Her other admirers—and every man on board was her admirer—soon realised that the captain had won, and gave place to the victor.

Only Mr. Marable seemed dissatisfied; it the thing were not absurd, one would have said he was jealous of the captain's good fortune. But Mr. Marable was old enough to be the girl's father. He kept himself well in hand as a rule, but once or twice he was snappish to the captain without cause, and once he spoke of him disparagingly to Haidée till silenced by her sudden anger.

The very next day after their tiff she came to him with the news of her engagement to Captain Manley. To her surprise he was warm in his congratulations. "You must forgive me if I was a bit nasty of late," he said. "I was dreaming that perhaps—well, what does it matter what an old fool dreams?

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I am awake now all right, and I hope you will be happy—I am sure you will be happy. You may trust me to do what I can to make matters smooth for you at home." After that he was more civil than ever to the captain.

Still the swift vessel raced ever eastward over the monotonous ocean, and the sun rose and set, and the next day was like the last, till one memorable morning land showed—a smudge on the far off line of the horizon where the dark blue of the sea met the light blue of the sky. Before evening that same day the good ship pushed her way slowly, zig zag, in and out, amid the crowded shipping in the harbour of Hong Kong, and her passengers rejoined again the living world of men.

All was bustle and excitement on board. The passengers who had met as strangers at the beginning of the voyage parted as old friends at its close. They were loth to lose sight of each other for ever as the land absorbed them.

Only Haidée Wilson, Joshua Marable, and Mr. Archer remained on board.

Mr. Archer knew no one in Hong Kong and had no business there. He had taken a return ticket, and from first to last protested that he had come out and was going back in his self-appointed *rôle* of private detective. He grew a little restless, however, while they lay in harbour, and once or twice was anxious to go ashore, but Mr. Beck at one time and Mr. Marable at another dissuaded him.

"He does not quit the vessel," the captain declared, "until the last man has landed safe in the London Docks, if I have to clap him in irons to hold him."

But Haidée Wilson only laughed at her lover, and declared the man was as much a dynamitard as she was.

Meanwhile Mr. Marable was very busy getting his precious cargo of delicate teas and rich silks and fine porcelain on board. Mr. Archer, perhaps for the lack of other occupation, took a deep interest in the cargo, and more than once was found in the hold, to Mr. Mr. Marable's manifest annoyance.

The work went briskly forward. The vast piles of cargo vanished in smooth sequence into the hold. Order grew again out of confusion. New passengers were shipped until the total of thirty was complete.

Many were refused and returned to shore disconsolate, for *The Queen* was the most popular boat that sailed in these waters, and Captain Manley the most popular captain.

It was a fine, sunshiny morning, hot and still. Not a breeze stirred the air, not a ripple moved on the glassy waters when *The Queen*, amid cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs, edged slowly out from the dock wall through the maze of shipping and set her prow straight across the wide curve of the great globe back to the little island—a tiny speck in the far off western sea.

Smoothly the vessel moved, slowly at first, as loth to leave the land. There followed in her wake an evil companionship of sharks—hideous, swift-gliding shadows whose dorsal fins showed like rough cactus leaves over the still clear water and ripped it into long ripples as they moved.

The Queen had passed the harbour mouth and had glided out into the open sea when the bell rang of itself in the secluded cabin amidships, and an electric message quivered through the ether from Hong Kong five miles away.

Owner wanted for an hour. Urgent.
CHIN HANG.

Mr. Marable was surprised and annoyed by the untimely message and at first seemed disposed to disregard it.

"You cannot afford to bring the ship back again," he said to the captain, "for this tomfoolery. Chin Hang is always in a fuss. What can he have to say now that he could not have said before we parted?"

"We could send a boat, sir," the captain suggested, "and lie by for you here."

"How long would it take?"

"You should be there and back again in four hours at the outside."

"All right," grumbled Mr. Marable. "I suppose I ought to go, but it's a nuisance all the same. Look lively, captain, the sooner we get off the sooner we get back."

But they did not get off as soon as he expected. The morning dragged slowly away in unexpected delays.

First Mr. Archer manifested a sudden and passionate desire to go back with Mr. Marable. He insisted and protested. It was his last chance, he cried, of a peep at Hong Kong. Mr. Marable and Mr. Beck were polite and diplomatic in their persuasions. But it needed a curt and stern refusal from Captain Manley to cut short his importunity.

Then, to the surprise of everyone, Mr. Beck wanted to go, and even got down into the boat. He had very special reasons, he said, for making the request, but he refused to tell what his special reasons were, and Mr. Marable with manifest impatience reminded him

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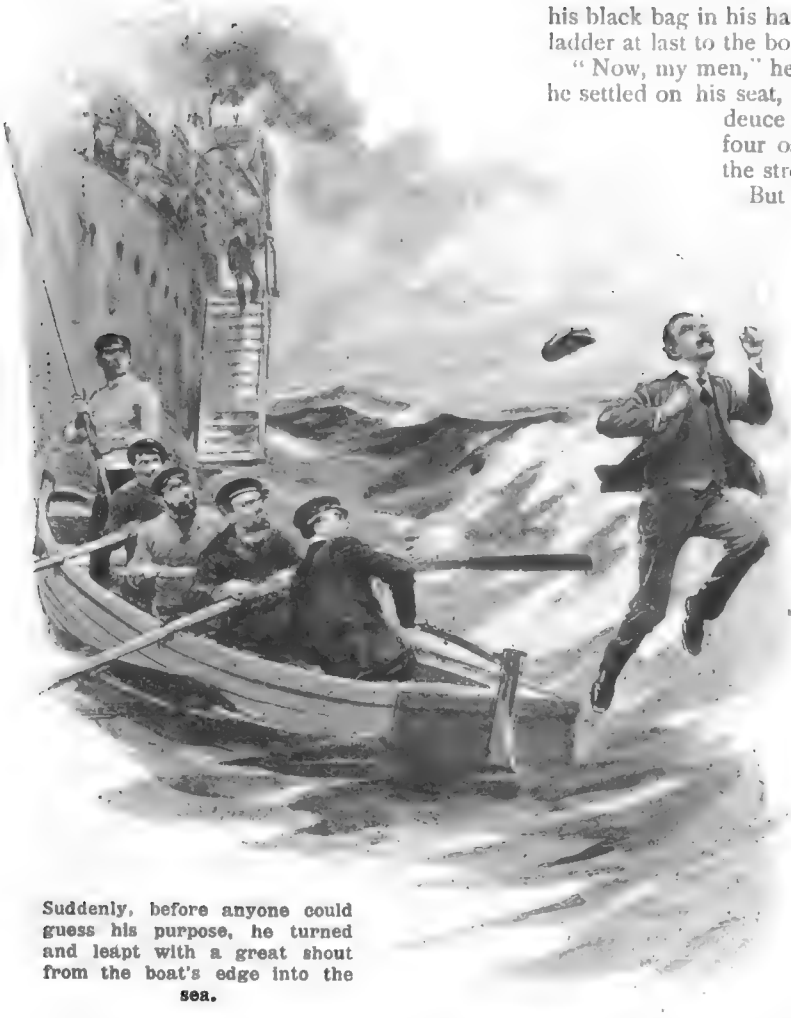

Suddenly, before anyone could guess his purpose, he turned and leapt with a great shout from the boat's edge into the sea.

that it was more necessary than ever to keep a watch on Mr. Archer.

Unlike Mr. Archer, however, Mr. Beck yielded with a good grace, and admitted that after all his duty was on shipboard.

Nearly an hour was wasted in this fashion, and Mr. Marable seemed feverish and impatient to be off.

Yet, when at the last moment he met Haidée Wilson on deck, he delayed a moment or two more in an attempt to induce her to come with him. "Just a pleasant few hours' row," he urged, "and back again."

"No, no," she said, "I stick to the ship."

"And the captain," he added smiling.

"Good-bye," she said with a swift blush as she turned from him to the rails.

"*Au revoir*," he responded gaily, and with his black bag in his hand he went down the ladder at last to the boat.

"Now, my men," he cried impatiently as he settled on his seat, "give way. I'm in a deuce of a hurry." The four oars lifted together for the stroke.

But before the blades could splash in the water Mr. Beck, leaning over the rail, cried out loudly:

"Mr. Marable!"

"Curse you," growled Mr. Marable in a sudden burst of anger, "what is it now?"

"I've put your black bag in the locker."

"The black bag is here," said the coxswain, lifting it in his hand.

"The other one I mean," cried Mr. Beck. "Mr. Marable knows there are two."

With a howl of fear and rage like a wild beast trapped, Mr. Marable leapt from his seat, stumbled blindly towards the locker, and made desperate efforts to force it open.

"It's locked," cried Mr. Beck's imperturbable voice from high above him. "Here's the key!"

He tossed the key into the air as he spoke, but it fell short of the boat and dropped with a splash amongst the sharks.

Then Mr. Marable seemed suddenly to go mad. He growled and snarled in inarticulate rage and foamed at the mouth, while he tore frantically at the locker till his finger nails were broken. Furiously he pounded it with his naked fists. His bruised hands made blood marks on the wood. His terror was contagious; the crew in the boat and the crowd gathered at the ship's side watched him in utter, speechless bewilderment.

Suddenly, before anyone could guess his purpose, he turned and leapt with a great

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shout from the boat's edge into the sea. He never rose again! The long ripples his plunge made quivered and grew calm. Far down in the still water a throng of ghastly shadows met with darting of sharp snouts and the gleam of white bellies. They snapped and tugged and tore. A dark stain rose through the clear water. It curdled into crooked streaks, showed for a moment on the surface like red veining of green marble, and then faded and vanished.

The crowd gazed silently, horror struck at the sudden, mysterious tragedy. Then a clamour broke out of mingled wonder and pity.

Mr. Beck's stern voice was heard above the clamour.

"It is just," he said; "he deserves no pity. The dynamitard has met his doom!"

The detective's genial face was pale and stern and pitiless as death. A hush fell on the clamouring crowd as they caught the meaning of his words.

"He meant to blow up the ship. He thought his own infernal machine was in the boat with him," Mr. Beck curtly explained to the men and women that crowded round him excitedly. "Thank God for your lives. You shall know all presently. Meanwhile I must have a word with the captain."

While the boat and boat's crew were brought back over the ship's side, Mr. Beck went below with the captain to his cabin.

Captain Manley was pale as a sheet.

"It was horrible!" he said hoarsely.

"It was just," retorted Mr. Beck sternly. "I have no pity for him. Think what he has done, what he meant to do! He meant death for us all, even the sweet girl whom his friend gave in his charge. Just think of it!"

"I daren't," said the captain in a whisper. "I daren't. You are quite sure?"

"Sure as fate. So shall you be."

"But how?" began the captain again, when Mr. Beck smilingly interposed.

"Just luck," he said complacently—he was his genial self again—"my never failing luck. I began poking about blindly a few days after I came on board and thought I'd have a peep into the big black bag he was so careful about, and failed. He almost caught me in the act. I tried again the next day and found a big black bag open for me to examine. But it wasn't the same black bag, though, it was a duplicate. I had scraped the lock of the first the day before when I was trying to open it, ever such a little scrape, but there was no scrape at all on the lock of the second.

"Mr. Marable, I found, kept two identical black bags—one for show and the other for use. That seemed a bit suspicious?"

"Very," assented the captain.

"Well, I knew then that he had spotted me, and so I made a virtue of a necessity, introduced myself as a detective, and told him the whole story of my visit to his cabin, with humble apologies for my suspicion, that threw him completely off his guard."

"But what about Mr. Archer?" queried the captain.

"My assistant," said Mr. Beck quietly. "We planned that little comedy between us to give the real criminal, whoever he might be, a scapegoat, and Archer was very useful afterwards amongst the cargo.

"Captain Manley, you are carrying to England a load of chopped rice straw for tea, and old canvas bales for silk, and crockery-ware worth twopence a ton for rare porcelain. But it was never meant to arrive."

"The infernal machine was not really in the boat's locker?" asked Captain Manley.

"Not likely! It is here." He lifted a black bag on the table. "You needn't start, captain. There's dynamite enough there to blow us all to blazes, but it won't go off this time. He set the clockwork when he was ready to leave the vessel, but I stopped it a minute afterwards. Then I delayed his starting on one excuse or another, and kept him dancing like a bear on hot plates till it was time for his clock to strike. His other ships were plainly destroyed in much the same way.

"You saved every life on board," said the captain, and he gripped Mr. Beck's hand so hard he knew he was thinking of Haidée Wilson.

Later on the crew and passengers were told the story and were allowed to examine the infernal machine for themselves, and at dinner the captain proposed the health of Mr. Beck, and it was drunk amid cheers and tears.

The good ship *The Queen* came back to England without her owner, who was reported to have fallen overboard.

Though there was no official inquiry, the gruesome story crept abroad in various forms, none more horrible than the truth.

Mr. Beck got his cheque for three thousand pounds, of which a hundred went to buy a wedding present for Captain and Mrs. Manley

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THE FUNNIEST THING I EVER SAW

A Description of the Most Amusing Incidents ever Witnessed by some of our Most Popular Actresses.

Compiled by BERNARD PARSONS.

Photo *Lizzie Caswall Smith.*
Miss Violet Vanbrugh.

ACCORDING to a well-known humorist, a man's sense of the ridiculous is, generally speaking, quite different from that of a member of the opposite sex. In other words, a woman may frequently see a vast amount of humour in an incident which a man will overlook as altogether too trivial for notice.

In a recent number of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE we published a list of incidents which the leading comedians of the day have described as "the funniest thing they ever saw." By the very nature of their stage training, actresses as well as actors should be excellent judges of humorous happenings; and in order, therefore, to compare their sense of the ridiculous with that of the leading male mirth-makers of the theatrical profession, we have collected from the most popular actresses of the day a number of incidents which they respectively consider are the most humorous they have ever seen. Comparisons, it has been said, are things which should be suppressed by law; but at the same time we feel our readers will be interested to balance the sense of humour of our most popular actresses with that of their brother professionals. Ladies especially will doubtless feel additional interest, in that, possibly, similar incidents may have occurred to them.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh selects an incident she noticed one day when leaving the Garrick Theatre.

"A little boy merrily trundling his hoop, fell down just in front of an old gentleman who chanced to be passing, and commenced to bellow vociferously.

"'There, little man, don't cry,' said the old gentleman kindly, 'because if you do you'll grow up so ugly.'

"The little chap, still sobbing bitterly, looked up at the old gentleman's face, when his tears stopped at once. 'My!' he said, 'what a lot of crying you must have done when you was a boy!'"

♡ ♡ ♡

Miss Carrie Moore describes a Jew's endeavour to bargain for theatre tickets.

Miss Carrie Moore, whose representation of the "Sandow Girl" proved that England only wants to wake up to put into the field a serious rival to the world-famous "Gibson Girl," considers that an incident she once witnessed in the hall of a theatre in Melbourne, South Australia, is quite the most spontaneously amusing happening she ever saw.

"I was standing in the vestibule, just before the curtain rang up, waiting for a friend," she says, "when suddenly, like a

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Miss Carrie Moore.

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sharp puff of wind, in swept a Jewish lady, followed by her husband, with five sturdy daughters bringing up the rear.

"The husband—at least, from his look of pride, I deduced that he was the father of this little brood—hustled up to the box-office, and, gesticulating wildly with his hands and speaking at forty-horse power speed, said: 'I vant seven stalls at vonce.'

"'Yes, sir, certainly,' replied the box-office keeper politely; 'you can have seven stalls together in the third row.'

"'That vill do vell,' replied the little man, with his head on one side, and still gesticulating wildly with his hands: 'How much vill that be?'

"'That will be three pounds thirteen and sixpence, sir,' said the box-office keeper.

"'Three pounds thirteen and sixpence, my friend!' said the Jew, in his excitement waving his hands vigorously a few inches away from the box-office keeper's face, 'That's too much! I vill give you three pounds cash.'

"'But, sir,' said the man in the box suavely, 'all seats are cash here, and I have no instructions to take less than the regulation price.'

"By this time between twenty and thirty other people, anxious to procure seats, had gathered round the box-office, and the man in charge was obviously becoming impatient.

"'Ah, but I am a poor man!' said the Jew, becoming still more excited, and waving his hands immediately under the box-office keeper's face, the while leaning forward and peering benevolently up at him.

"'Would you be so kind, sir,' said the box-office keeper icily, 'as not to wave your hands in my face.'

"'But I can't talk if I don't,' was the frank reply, as the little man, followed by his wife and the five juvenile members of the family, hurried away, obviously disgusted at the lack of enterprise in theatrical circles in refusing hard cash."

♡ ♡ ♡

Miss Phyllis Dare enjoys a reminiscence of her schooldays.

Charming Miss Phyllis Dare is full of reminiscences of school-life at Brussels.

"We had such fun with the governesses sometimes," she says, "and I often laugh now when I think of the tricks we used to play on them.

"One girl, she was a year younger than I, was always getting into trouble through writing down figures on her blotting pad, and adding them up there instead of doing proper mental arithmetic. On a certain morning a few weeks before I left Brussels she got into 'hot water' no fewer than three times in an hour for the same fault. At last she quite lost her temper with her governess, and whispered to me that she was tired of being reproved, and would pay the governess out.

"A few minutes afterwards the watchful governess saw her troublesome pupil scribbling something down on the corner of her blotting pad, afterwards carefully covering it with a sheet of writing paper.

'The governess glared at her, and in acid tones said:

"'Now, miss, I shall make an example of you before the whole school. Come and stand by my desk, and I will read out the figures you have written down before everybody.'

"The girl, with downcast eyes, rose from her seat, and shuffled between the forms up to the governess' desk

"'It really wasn't meant for you to see,' she said demurely as that lady took from her the folded piece of blotting paper, and, in reproving tones, remarked:

"'Now I will read out the figures, and I wish every girl in the class to add them up as I go along, and tell me the results.' She unfolded the blotting paper, and this is what she read:

"'*You may be very clever, Miss*'—mentioning her name—'*but you can't eat coke!*'

"That governess," adds Miss Phyllis Dare, with a smile, "never read out to the school any more figures."

Photo *Foulsham & Banfield.*

Miss Phyllis Dare.

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Photo Bassano Ltd.
Miss May de Sousa.

Miss May de Sousa tells how Mary filled the copper.

Miss May de Sousa, the charming American actress, who can boast of the distinction of being the first lady chosen from the land of the Stars and Stripes to play the leading *rôle* at the historic Drury Lane pantomime, recalls with intense amusement a certain superficially trivial happening she once witnessed when having tea with a friend at St. John's Wood

"My hostess," she says, "was a great authority on the servant question, and, indeed, I think she extracted a vast amount of innocent pleasure from personally supervising her domestics' work. One afternoon we were sitting chatting in the drawing-room, when she suddenly jumped up, and, apologising for leaving me alone, added: 'I must remind Mary that this is her washing afternoon.'

"A few seconds afterwards I heard her call down the kitchen stairs: 'Mary, don't forget that it is time for you to begin your washing.'

"This message was followed by a scuffling of uncommonly heavy feet for a female servant, and I heard Mary bustle out from the kitchen, and hurrying to the foot of the stairs, shout back: 'All right, mum, I'm just filling the copper.'

"Thirty seconds afterwards," adds Miss de Sousa, "I saw a portly policeman, wiping his half-filled mouth on the sleeve of his uniform, run up the area steps, and, crouching carefully below the top of the railings, hurry down the road.

"Mary was evidently quite a truthful girl. She had obviously not departed from the paths of truth when she confessed that 'she was only filling the copper.'"

Miss Gertie Millar recalls a remark of the oldest inhabitant of a village.

Miss Gertie Millar, leading lady at the Gaiety Theatre, tells the following story:

"I was one of a country-house party some months ago," she says, "and one afternoon my hostess asked me whether I would care to play the part of the Good Samaritan, and accompany her to visit an old woman in the parish, who had been laid up for years with an incurable complaint, but who was never tired of receiving visitors, 'as,' to use her own words, 'ladies and gentlemen was always so thoughtful, and never left without giving 'er a bit of comfort.' Comfort, by the by, invariably took the form of some small present.

"Accordingly we set out, and after a long walk through the fields, we arrived at the old dame's cottage. That afternoon she seemed particularly full of her ailments, and for quite half-an-hour talked steadily about the various aches and pains with which she was afflicted.

"I sympathised with her as best I could, and on leaving asked her husband, who was a wizened-up old labourer of three score years and ten—and a few years over—whether his wife had proper care and attention?

"'O, yez, mum,' he said gratefully, 't'old woman wants for nought.'

"'And has she a good doctor in attendance?' I asked.

"'To be sure she 'as, mum,' was the somewhat startling reply, 'and nohow could wrong medicine harm her, seeing that I goes to church twice every Sunday to pray against false doctorin' (doctrine)."

Photo Ellis & Walery.
Miss Gertie Millar.

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Photo Bassano Ltd.
Miss Gaby Deslys.

Miss Gaby Deslys gives a specimen of an English lady's French.

Miss Gaby Deslys, the popular French actress, who, in *The New Aladdin* at the Gaiety Theatre, showed theatre-goers how dainty and *chic* the fair Parisienne can be, tells of an incident she once witnessed in Paris, which emphasises the truth of the old adage that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing"—especially a little knowledge of a foreign language.

"I was going out for a stroll one morning," she says, "when my attention was arrested by an elderly, austere, and very 'English-looking' woman waving her umbrella wildly at the driver of a passing *fiacre*, who immediately pulled up on seeing a fare.

"'*Cochon*,' she said, in shrill falsetto tones, evidently anxious to show off her knowledge of the French language, '*êtes-vous fiancé?*'

"The driver glared savagely, but, with true French politeness, replied, '*Non, madame.*'

"'*Alors*,' said the lady, 'take—I mean—*prenez moi.*'

"And, d'you know," adds Miss Deslys, "that I honestly believe that this good lady was quite unaware that, not only had she grievously insulted the driver—for, of course, '*cochon*' means pig, in French, and she was mixing the word up with '*cocher*,' which means coachman—but that she had also asked him to marry her, for, naturally, everyone knows that '*êtes-vous fiancé*' means 'are you engaged to be married?'—not engaged in any other sense of the word."

Miss Zena Dare recounts a motor-'bus driver's repartee.

Miss Zena Dare selects an incident she once heard when taking a blow of fresh air on a motor-omnibus in Maida Vale.

"From the corner of Chapel Street right up to St. John's Wood Road, a brewer's drayman effectually barred the way," says Miss Dare, "and in consequence the motor-omnibus, instead of making its usual rapid advance, was forced to crawl at a snail's pace, despite the fact that the *chauffeur* several times politely asked the driver of the brewer's dray to pull on one side, so that he could get past.

"The drayman, however, took not the slightest notice of the crowded motor-'bus, whose passage he was so unnecessarily barring; but at last, in response to several passengers' earnest appeals, he deigned to look round, and innocently inquired 'what all the row was about?' As he did so, it was apparent to everyone that Nature had endowed him with a mouth which literally stretched from ear to ear.

"Motor-'bus drivers are not as a rule the slowest witted of men, and a smart retort seems to be the birthright of all 'bus drivers and cabmen. Our driver proved no exception to the general rule.

"On catching sight of the drayman's truly cavernous jaws, he immediately stopped the motor-'bus, and politely taking off his cap, said in pitying tones: 'Sir, I always takes off my 'at to a man as is in trouble, through no fault of his own—and with a mouth like yours, you must be suffering agony, with nothing but empty barrels all round you!'"

Photo Ellis & Walery.
Miss Zena Dare.

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Photo Ellis & Walery.
Miss Ellaline Terriss.

Miss Ellaline Terriss tells a tale of her friend the poet.

Miss Ellaline Terriss, daintiest and most charming of comedy actresses, has a very keen sense of humour, and nothing with a touch of the ridiculous ever escapes her notice.

"Poetry, apparently," she says, "especially bad poetry, is somewhat of a drug in the market, as a friend of mine, who was rash enough to write 'verses' soon found out when he tried to dispose of them.

"'I wish,' he said to me one day, 'you would take this poem to your husband, and ask him what he thinks of its merits.'

"I gladly agreed to do so, and accordingly the next moment my husband had free—he doesn't have many—I took the poem to him. 'I wish, Seymour,' I said, 'you would just run through this poem, and tell me what you think of it.'

"My husband took the poem and commenced to read. It was entitled: '*I wonder whether he'll miss me?*'

"My husband read it right through from beginning to end.

"'He ought never to be trusted with firearms again if he does,' he replied indignantly, as he handed the offending manuscript back to me."

♡ ♡ ♡

Miss Agnes Fraser took a short cut to her humorous incident.

Miss Agnes Fraser, the charming Savoyard, who in private life is Mrs. Walter Passmore, considers that something humorous can be seen every day in the streets, if only one is observant.

"For instance," she says, "one would not expect to come across much humour at a sale in a butcher's shop, and yet, I think, quite the funniest incident I ever saw occurred in that unromantic spot.

"I had been dining at a friend's flat near Victoria Street, and as I was rather late and could not find a cab at once to take me to the theatre, I tried a short cut through a certain back street, near the Army and Navy Stores, where butchers, bakers, grocers, and vegetable vendors seemed to be doing a thriving business.

"Just as I was passing a large butcher's shop, outside which a quantity of particularly uninviting meat was being sold, I saw the worthy shopman approach a certain down-at-heel, ragged-looking lady, who, to judge from her appearance, evidently did not believe in the time-honoured proverb which tells us that 'cleanliness is next to godliness,' and in a manner rivalling that of the courtliest of courtiers, said politely:

"'What do you want, madam?'

"I could not refrain from waiting to hear the lady's reply—and it was worth waiting for.

"The lady squared her elbows, took a very long breath, and looked the butcher through and through with a hawk-like glance.

"'What do I want, young fellow?' she said in a voice which sounded strangely masculine. 'Well, what I wants is a forty-elephant power motor-car, a house in Park Lane, fifty thousand a year, and a diamond tiara, but what I hope to get from you is half-a-pound of steak, *on credit*, till Saturday!'"

Photo Ellis & Walery.
Miss Agnes Fraser.

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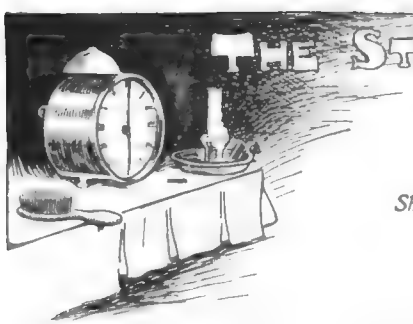

The Strange Confessions of an Alarm Clock

Shedding Some Light on the Nocturnal and Matutinal Habits of Jeannette, the "General."

By Charles Cutting.

I am not a cheap clock. I cost a guinea, and the master bought me one day when he was in a very dreadfully bad temper. He was so awfully bad-tempered because he had lost his early morning train, owing to Jeannette's being down late. Through losing his train the master says he offended a client who was worth five pounds a week to him.

What I am going to tell you about mainly concerns Jeannette, who is the "general" employed by the master and the mistress to do nearly all the house-work. There is Grace the nursemaid, but she does not occupy the same bedroom as Jeannette

Our house is situated in one of the more distant London suburbs. It takes the master nearly an hour to reach his town office.

It is Jeannette's duty to get up at six o'clock every morning excepting Sunday, when, strictly between you and I and me, she doesn't get out of bed much before eight, although I always go off regularly every Sunday morning at seven, an hour later than on week-days. Directly Jeannette goes downstairs she has to light the gas-stove and put a kettle on to make the water boil so that the master can have his early cup of tea. The mistress does not like the master to shave himself till he has had his early cup of tea, at least, so she says, but Jeannette declares that it is the mistress who likes the early cup best, and that she only credits the master with this weakness in order to lessen her own little failings Jeannette is a bit of a character reader. She has summed both the master and the mistress up, and no mistake.

At night when she comes upstairs to bed she talks aloud to herself as she undresses. That is how I know that Jeannette is a character reader. She says, among other things, that "the mistress wants a lot for her money," and she also says that "the master is as faddy about his food as the cat is about its coat." Of course, Jeannette talks aloud to herself about other subjects than the faults of the master and the mistress. Sometimes she admits, as she looks at her reflection in the looking-glass, that the new postman has eyes of the same colour as her own.

Sometimes she admits, as she looks at her reflection in the looking-glass, that the new postman has eyes of the same colour as her own.

I don't pretend to know whether all "generals" are like Jeannette in taking a very much longer time to undress than to dress. Sometimes Jeannette will be quite an hour before she puts the light out, and she would be even longer if she did not hear the master and the mistress coming upstairs and be afraid that they would notice the light.

Jeannette is one of those deceitful girls, for I have known her put the light out when she heard someone coming upstairs; and then turn it on again, after waiting for a little while and finding that all was quiet. The mistress would make a great fuss if she should discover this misbehaviour on Jeannette's part. No wonder that Jeannette finds it so difficult to get up in the morning, if she does not

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You ought to see Jeannette's vexed expression on first awakening at the sound of my alarm. Her face is a picture, and a very funny picture it is, too.

go to sleep when she ought to. I have come to the conclusion that she is a very sly "general." The other sort of "generals" are not sly enough.

Now let me try to tell you, in my simple little clock-like way, the manner in which Jeannette obeys my six o'clock summons to her every week-day morning. You must remember that all clocks have faces, and that all faces have eyes, so that is how it comes to pass that I am able to observe Jeannette's break-of-day movements so closely. By the way, I stand on a little shelf just by the side of Jeannette's bed. The master and the mistress have no alarm clock in their bedroom. I know they have not, because I once heard Jeannette say it was a great pity they haven't.

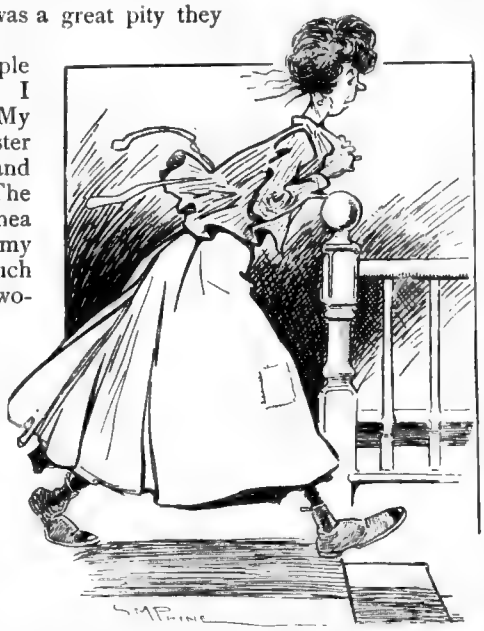
I rumble for a couple of seconds before I burst into full song. My full song, as the master calls it, is very loud and alarming indeed. The master gave a whole guinea for me entirely because my full song was so much fuller than that of the two-and-elevenpenny and half-a-guinea alarm clocks.

When I have done rumbling and I begin my clarion song in earnest, Jeannette opens her eyes, and says "bother," or else she just grunts out something I cannot spell, as the shopman did when he dropped a glass case one day and smashed it to atoms. I think Jeannette is not one of those girls of whom the poets write such pretty verses, telling how on getting up in the morning they sing for very gladness at the dawn of another day. I have not yet once heard Jeannette sing on rising in the morning.

The only occasions on which I have heard her sing were on her Sunday afternoon and evening out. She does sometimes sing as she is dressing, then, more especially if she has anything new, such as a hat, or dress, or pair of shoes, to put on. No, Jeannette hates to hear me begin to go off in the morning. Perhaps "generals" don't like having to get up, but they must get up, or else the world, let alone we clocks, would not go round.

How could anything at all go round if none of the masters caught their early trains?

You ought to see Jeannette's vexed expression on first awakening at the sound of my alarm. Her face is a picture, and a very funny picture it is, too. She does not know how funny it is, or she would change it and begin the change to-morrow morning without fail. I wonder if there is an artist living who could give you a faithful representation of Jeannette's waking countenance.



She leaves the bedroom before she has actually finished fastening up all her strings and clasps and buttons. I suppose she does the last few touches as she is going down the staircase.

When I have done my alarming, Jeannette mutters till she falls off into a light doze. She generally dozes for at least twenty minutes; sometimes it is for half-an-hour. Then she wakes up and mutters again. Then she turns in bed and looks in my direction and then she resumes her muttering. She apparently thinks that I am to blame for the fact that it is past time she was up and at work. Of course, it is not my fault; only a foolish "general" would think that it is.

At last Jeannette springs out of bed and hurriedly puts her various garments on. She gives very little time indeed to her toilet. She doesn't

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even brush her teeth, and she takes some little tin hair-curlers out of her hair and throws them down on the dressing-table, as if they were nearly red-hot. Some of the little tin curlers bounce and drop on to the floor and Jeannette, in her eagerness to get downstairs, treads upon them and mutters, just as the shopman who broke the glass case did.

She leaves the bedroom before she has actually finished fastening up all her strings and clasps and buttons. I suppose she does the last few touches as she is going down the staircase. She goes down very softly. I daresay she is thoughtfully anxious not to wake up the master or the mistress, who, no doubt, are serenely dreaming that she was down at a quarter past six, instead of at a quarter to seven.

There is also another occasion when she is exceedingly bright and animated; it is when the mistress is out for the day and when Jeannette brings up to her bedroom here several hats, jackets and other articles. All these hats and jackets Jeannette "tries on."

Jeannette seems to drop saucepan lids and other noisy articles when once she has really reached the kitchen. It is a few minutes after seven when I hear her coming up the stairs again and rattling cups and saucers. Then I hear her knock at the master's bedroom door and put down the tray and trot off down to the kitchen again.

Two minutes later I think I hear the mistress cautiously open her door and take up the tray and retire with it, closing the door behind her. Half-an-hour passes and I hear the master and the mistress trudge down. The master is nearly always grumbling and the mistress is nearly always explaining something or other in a shrill voice.

Jeannette, when in a good humour and when dressing for her Sunday afternoon and evening out, is a very different girl from the Jeannette when getting up on the ordinary morning. There is also another occasion when she is exceedingly bright and animated; it is when the mistress is out for the day and when Jeannette brings up to her bedroom here several hats, jackets, and other articles. All these hats and jackets Jeannette "tries on," and she turns and turns, till she must feel quite dizzy, admiring herself in the looking-glass.

Can it be that these new things belong to the mistress? Because it is only when the mistress is out that Jeannette tries them on.

. . IN A PARK. . .

I wandered slowly in a park one lovely summer day,
And watched the sunbeams filter through the trees, and children play
Beside their nurses, who with gossip passed the time away,

Until I came upon a man, that bright and joyous morn;
His eyes were wild, his hair was long, his face was pale and worn,
Depicting utter misery, as though all hope were gone;

Then, in the twinkling of an eye, as I was ling'ring there,
He stamped his foot, and beat his breast, and madly tore his hair;
I couldn't *quite* be certain, but I thought I heard him swear!

He ground his teeth in frantic rage; then, 'twould have made you weep
To see him stretching out his arms, as if to lull to sleep
Some little child, and softly guard it through its slumber deep.

You think it strange that I should pass,
and not extend a hand
To help that man or soothe his grief, but
you will understand
At once when I explain—he was conductor
of a band!

Leslie Mary Oyler.

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Photo Müller, Yarmouth.

Mr. W. J. Godbolt.

SURVIVORS' TALES OF GREAT EVENTS

No. XXXIV.—THE LOSS OF THE *DRUMMOND CASTLE*.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF MR. W. J. GODBOLT, ABLE SEAMAN.

AS TOLD TO WALTER WOOD.

For dramatic suddenness and completeness of disaster no wreck of recent years has surpassed the loss of the Cape liner, *Drummond Castle*. On her homeward run she struck on the Pierres Vertes, Molène Island, off Ushant, about midnight, on June 16th, 1896, and sank in a few minutes with nearly every soul on board. In spite of the maintenance of wonderful discipline, and the absence of all panic, only one passenger and two members of the crew were saved by Breton fishermen, after being in the water for many hours. Captain W. Pierce and 103 officers, seamen, and firemen, with 147 passengers—in all 250 persons—were drowned. The Board of Trade inquiry attributed the disaster to neglect of proper precautions. Mr. Godbolt, the survivor who tells this thrilling tale, is now employed by the Trinity Corporation as a lightship man.

WHEN you have the finest ship that man can build under your feet, the most skilful and experienced of captains, the best of officers, and when you are making a voyage which has been made in safety thousands of times before, you take it for granted that all will be well with you, and that you will reach port in safety. Such was the conviction of every soul on board the *Drummond Castle* when she left Cape Town for London. That was eleven years ago.

The *Drummond Castle* was not a very big steamboat, even for that period—Cape liners have grown enormously since then—but she was as stout a craft as you could wish to have; big enough and powerful enough to stand any weather.

She left the Cape in good trim, and we made a fine run as far as Las Palmas, where we took on board a few passengers, and discharged some cargo. Then we were ready for home, and soon got into the Bay of Biscay.

The run from South Africa is not a very long one; but it is long enough to enable people to get to know one another, and to make them thankful to feel that the end of the voyage is so near. Already there were those who were preparing to go ashore, joyful at the thought of meeting friends and relatives from whom they had been parted, perhaps for years. The whole ship was full of happy people, and by way of celebrating the successful passage a concert was given in the saloon.

That was on the night of June 16th. The weather was not what you would call bad; but the air was pretty thick, and there was a nasty drizzle. When that happens it means extra work for the watch on deck, because the awnings must be seen to or they will become damaged.

It was my watch, and it was just before eleven o'clock. The boatswain's mate piped the watch to go aft and slacken up the awnings, that is, make the stops of the awnings easier, so that the canvas should not come to grief because of the drizzle.

No such thing as even the merest suspicion of danger troubled any one of us as we obeyed the order and dispersed to do our duty. The concert was just over, and some of us had been lucky enough to listen to the songs and laughter. The captain had been congratulated on his successful run, and was on the bridge again at his post.

I was busy at my task, which in the darkness and dampness was not a very easy one, but simple enough compared with some of the duties of seamen in less favoured vessels—when I felt a slight jar; that was all—just the sort of thing I had often felt when a

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steamboat was being made fast alongside a quay.

But in such a place and at such a time a sailor instantly sets his wits to work to find the reason why a jar or shock is felt.

"What's that?" I asked myself. "Surely some other craft is into us!"

I jumped down off the rail where I had been working, and ran forward to the place where the rest of my watchmates were assembling, just as soldiers do when the "Fall in" is sounded.

"What is it?" we asked each other hurriedly.

"We're on the rocks!"

"Another ship has run into us!"

"We're in collision!"

These were the whispered theories amongst us; yet there was no sign of sailing vessel or steamboat anywhere, no further grinding which could indicate the presence of a rock.

We were still wondering and bewildered in the gloom and drizzle, when we heard a quiet, steady voice from the bridge.

"Clear away the boats!"

What need, then, for the watch on deck to wonder what had happened? We knew that the *Drummond Castle* had struck; but even then I do not think a soul amongst us realised that the dreadful end was so near. The voice from the bridge was so calm and collected; there was such a complete absence of anything like panic; there was such perfect discipline throughout the ship.

"Clear away the boats!"

How easy to give the order; how hard to execute it! The boats were not as easy to get at and handle as boats are nowadays. They were carried in-board, and secured with lashings, which meant that the fastenings had to be undone and the boats swung out before they could be lowered. In these days they can be got out almost as soon as an order is given.

It was clear that the ship had struck, and the carpenter and the second officer went forward to try to find out what damage had been done. They returned and reported that the *Drummond Castle* was making water fast. At the same time stewards and passengers rushed up from below, crying that the water was pouring into the ship.

As you know, every man has his allotted station at the boats, so that when the time for lowering comes he knows exactly what to do. In the *Drummond Castle* we were told off in pairs—1 and 2, 3 and 4, 5 and 6, and so on. My own station was at the forward fall of No. 2 boat, which was on the boat-deck on the port side. You can realise how little I myself expected a great calamity when I tell you that I cut the cover off and put it inside the boat, thinking that if we really had to get away from the ship it would be necessary to cover up some of the women and children, to keep them from the coldness of the night, June though it was.

The terrible truth was revealed when the order to lower the boats was given. Discipline prevailed—I have told you that, and there was no panic; but is it necessary to describe the heartrending scenes into which we were plunged?

The passengers who but a few moments before had been enjoying themselves at the concert, had rushed on deck; the crew had hurried up, too, for the most part—those, at any rate, whose duty did not keep them below, and everywhere men, women, and children were clamouring for salvation. Husbands and wives clung to each other, mothers clasped their children in agonies of terror. It is the old story of suffering and tragedy—but the tale is ever new.

While I was busy at my fall four passengers rushed up and tried to get into the boat. I warned them that if they interfered at such a crisis there would be no chance of saving them.

"Let us get the boat out first," I shouted, "then we can save you!"

Even as I spoke the words there was an overwhelming rush of sea, and I and all about me were swept away. In that short space of time, literally before we realised that she was badly damaged, the *Drummond Castle* had plunged into deep water. The very bottom of her must have been torn off by reason of the awful force with which she had struck.

At that terrible moment such a cry went up as I hope I may never hear again. It was the united voices of the doomed, who in the darkness found themselves hurled into the water. Some went down with the ship, those who were not drawn into the vortex were struggling desperately for life, and from the gloomy sea there came the most piteous appeal for the help which no man could give. Few there were who could even make shift to save their own lives. The vessel had disappeared bodily, taking the boats with her before they could be so much as got out and lowered.

In an instant I was carried off my feet, and hurried by the press of water across the boat-deck.

The ship by this time was in total darkness, for as soon as the water reached the

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engine-room the electric lights went out; but there was light enough from the binnacle to show me vaguely one or two figures near me. It was just a sort of flash-light picture on the mind, a snapshot impression; but as I was borne resistlessly overboard, utterly unable to help or save myself, I saw the captain and one of the officers standing side by side.

But the most wonderful thing I noticed was the quartermaster at the wheel—an elderly man named Milne. In the very teeth of death, with that fatal rush of pitiless water overwhelming him, he gripped the spokes of the wheel and kept his eyes fixed on the compass, as calmly, believe me, as if he were keeping the *Drummond Castle* on her course. He must have gone down like that—just as they say the Roman sentinels stood to their posts even when the lava of Vesuvius destroyed them. Have you ever heard or read of more heroic devotion to duty? Yet of men like the quartermaster no roll of fame is kept. They do their duty—they die; and with that they must be satisfied. It is the way of a world which gives so much glory to the shouter.

The captain, the officer, the quartermaster, and myself must have gone together; but of them I saw nothing, for I was ingulfed and sank. I went down and down, so deep that it seemed as if I should never stop.

I know that when I disappeared from the deck I was very near the funnel, and the terrible fear possessed me as I sank that I was in the funnel itself, being carried down in the wreck.

That was the most awful moment of my life—or minute—for I was under water so long that I tried to breathe. I could not hold my breath any longer. I felt exactly as a swimmer does who is forcing himself to keep under water, and who at last feels that he must either breathe or burst. One or two seconds more and consciousness would have completely left me, and I should have been drowned; but just when I despaired of saving my life I rose to the surface.

It was now midnight, and the sea was smooth. There was nothing but floating wreckage about, oddments of deck fittings and seats—all the miscellaneous articles which get adrift at such a time.

The disaster was so swift and complete that until I found myself floating about I did not realise what had happened. The calamity was so overwhelming that my faculties were completely stunned. I knew, however, too thoroughly when I was struggling for my life, and when all around me there arose the most dreadful cries for help, mingled with the more terrible shrieks of those who sank to rise no more. Some of these poor creatures were just near me, struggling fiercely in the turmoil.

I could do nothing to help them—that was not humanly possible; yet I have never ceased to regret that I had not the chance at least to try to get some girl, or child, or woman on to a bit of floating wreckage, and give her a chance of life. But perhaps it is better that there was no such opportunity, for how could a frail child or a girl or woman have endured the sufferings of those long hours which passed before our rescuing fishermen came — those brave Bretons whom I never think of without gratitude and emotion?

In my frenzy and despair I clutched wildly about me, and, as luck would have it, managed to grip a floating hatch. I clung to that for half-an-hour or so, during which time an awful stillness succeeded the cries of death. But I speedily recognised that as my only prospect of salvation was to keep afloat until picked up or carried ashore, it would be necessary to find some other article to which I could cling more easily, one which would support me better than a hatch.

In such a frightful turmoil there were many heart-breaking incidents; but one's senses are numbed by the overwhelming nature of a catastrophe like that and one does not remember. It is, I know, better so. Yet one or two incidents stand out clear and strong. Time cannot efface the recollection of a pitiful voice hailing me after I had been in the water only a few minutes.

I heard a groan in the gloom, and asked: "Who's that?"

Almost as soon as I had spoken I could just make out the form of a man—a trimmer, as I knew him to be, because he had a great scar on his arm which had been left from some stoke-hole burn. He was almost touching me, and in answer to my question he mumbled: "It's cold, isn't it?"

Before I could answer he had slipped from his support and vanished. It was terrible to see him drown like that in the dark water so near me, and to know that his fate was the fate of so many more of my fellow-creatures.

Life is sweet, and I was in no mood to die without the most desperate resistance. I came across a stage-plank—one of the pieces of wood that we use when painting the ship's side. Seizing it, I managed to place it across the hatch, and in that way make myself much more comfortable and safe in the water.

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In the very teeth of death, with that fatal rush of pitiless water overwhelming him, he gripped the spokes of the wheel.

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Night in June is very brief, but it seemed long indeed before the dawn broke. By that time there was a deathly stillness around me. Not a cry was heard, not a soul seemed to be left of all the *Drummond Castle's* people except myself, but suddenly I heard groans very near me.

"Who's that?" I called, feebly enough, for I was becoming exhausted and was numb with cold.

"It's Wood," a voice replied, and I knew that this was one of my shipmates, a quartermaster. "What are you on?"

"A hatch," I answered.

"Is there room for two?" he inquired.

"Yes," I told him. "Come here."

He left his bit of wreckage and managed to reach my own support. I helped him on to it, and the hatch barely kept the two of us afloat.

The dawn gave place to daylight, and the cruel sea was visible around us. But no vestige of our ship was seen, no sign was given of the passengers and crew. It was a hopeless, dreary waste. We hoped that we might drift ashore somewhere; but if the flood tide had carried us towards the land the ebb had brought us back, and we floated still.

Nine full hours had passed since I was hurled into the water—nine hours of indescribable agony which was almost unrelieved by hope. I lived and Wood lived—that was all. We had actually sighted land at daybreak, yet we were doomed not to reach it. We kept the land in sight, as a matter of fact, and it seemed so terribly hard to know that we were so near salvation and that rescue appeared to be impossible.

The despair of our case had entered my soul and I had ceased to hope, when I saw a sight which instantly filled my chilled blood with fire—the sight of fishermen stealing to sea from the shelter of the land.

I longed to wave something as a signal, but I had no cap to raise, and could not hope to get at anything else. Wood, however, had his cap, and this he took and waved frantically, while we both shouted with all the energy of desperation.

We were seen, and three Breton fishermen in their little boat bore down and took us off our raft. We were more dead than living, and I know that if it had not been for the care and kindness of our friends we could not have survived. They got us ashore and stripped and warmed and rubbed us. They took off heir own dry, warm clothes and put them on to us. We had landed, we learnt, at Molène, at about eleven o'clock in the morning, nearly twelve hours after the loss of our ship.

You would think that men placed as we were placed would have gone to sleep through sheer exhaustion; but sleep was impossible, and as soon as we could crawl we went to the beach, yearning to discover whether any other soul had been saved. No sooner had we reached the shore than four bodies were brought in by the fishermen. They were shown to us, but although we knew their features we could not tell their names. Two were members of the crew—a fireman and a steward, and one was a lady saloon passenger. We knew that, besides ourselves, a passenger, Mr. Marquardt, had been saved—three souls only out of all the *Drummond Castle's* people!

That afternoon we left Molène and went to the mainland, about thirty miles away. Just as we were leaving, other fishermen brought in about half-a-dozen more bodies. We saw the poor remnants of humanity as they were lying in the boat, which was brought alongside our own, so that we might if possible recognise them; but we could not tell who they were, although we knew them to have been shipmates or passengers.

In all twenty-eight bodies were taken ashore then, and I often think that if either I or Wood had been left behind it would have been possible for relatives or friends to know for certain where their lost ones lay. As it was, the French did all they could, and no words of mine can tell you what kindness and delicacy they showed in dealing with the dead. When the time for burial came there was such a wealth of flowers as I should not have thought it possible to see. Those who were left at home unable to attend the funerals of dear ones whom they were even then expecting to see in health and happiness, had at least the comfort of knowing that nothing that kindness could accomplish was left undone.

I am a young man still—I was in the early twenties when the *Drummond Castle* was lost—and I make my living as a seaman, although it is from the comparative safety of a lightship; but I do not think that any man can go through such a tragedy without feeling the effects of it as long as he lives. My nerves were shattered then, and I am more or less a nervous man to-day. Yet I cannot afford to be quite that, for at sea you never know what will happen. Already in a lightship I have been run down—a steamboat cut into us, and we had just time to escape with our lives.

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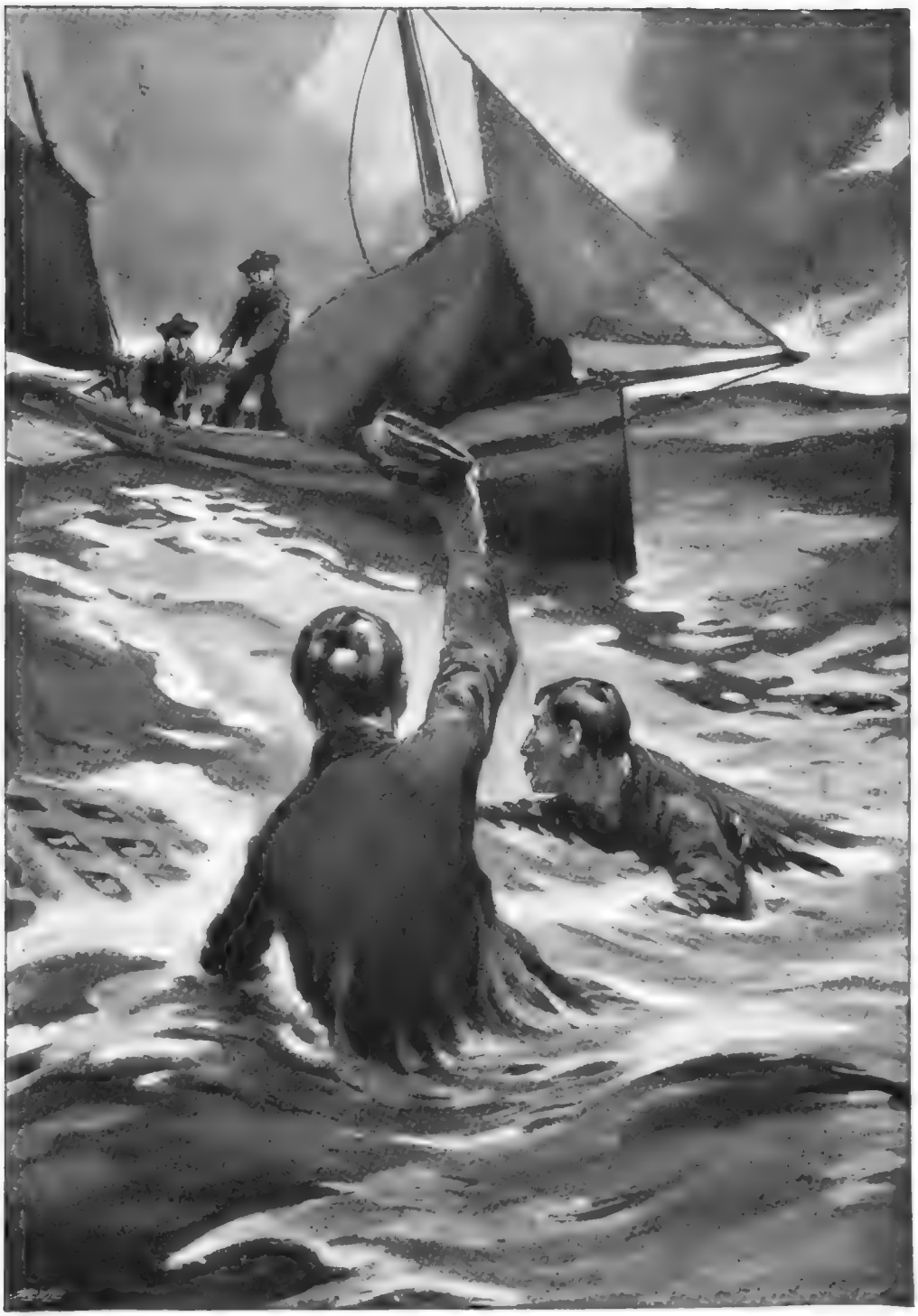

We were seen, and three Breton fishermen in their little boat bore down and took us off our raft.

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YVONNE.

Yvonne,
They're gone,
Those nights when on
Us shone
The moon & stars from sapphire skies above,
When "tête-
à-tête"
Beside the gate
We'd wait
And whisper tales of never-ending love.

My heart
Would smart
When we to part
Would start.
I'd close the gate, but all, alas, in vain:
I'd turn,
Discern
Thy lips, and yearn
To learn
From them assurance of thy love again.

I'd hear
Quite near
Thy murmur: "Dear,
Don't fear
That time could ever alter love like this."
And pray
Thee stay—
Thou couldst not say
Me nay—
And seal the compact with a tender kiss.

Yvonne,
They're gone,
Those nights when on
Us shone
The moon; yet I recall them true to life.
No more,
Heart-sore,
We'll linger, for
We swore
We ne'er would part again, Yvonne, my wife.

Lawrence Nelson

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By Berta Ruck.

[*This little play is particularly suitable for amateur performances. All who desire to produce it must apply for permission to the Editor of* The Royal Magazine, *18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.*]

Time: *Five o'clock p.m.* Scene: *A spare bedroom in a country house.*

The Brunette, *in a scarlet and white kimono, is pacing restlessly up and down the room. She holds a telegram crumpled up in her hand.*

The Brunette (*distractedly*). Oh, I don't know *what* to think. (*A knock at the door.*) Can that be another telegram? Come in!

(*Enter her cousin,* The Blonde, *dressed in white, with touches of blue to match her eyes.*)

The Brunette. Oh, it's only you. Sit down, and don't, *don't* ask me what's the matter.

The Blonde. I wasn't going to.

The Brunette (*snappishly*). Then it was very horrid, and unsympathetic, and unfeeling of you. I mean—— Forgive me, dear. I'm so worried and upset I don't know what I'm saying. Read that (*tossing the telegram at her cousin*).

The Blonde (*reading it aloud*). "Couldn't see you before you started. Will you marry me?—G." A proposal! Dear me; it's a little abrupt, isn't it? Who is "G"?

The Brunette (*still more snappishly*). How should I know? That's just what I'm so worried about. *I* don't know who "G" is!

The Blonde. Don't you suspect anybody at all?

The Brunette. Of course I do! "G" stands for George——

The Blonde (*suddenly*). Ah! I see the telegram was sent on after you from

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Gossop's Court two hours ago. Gossop's Court! Why—could it be from——

THE BRUNETTE. Georgie Gossop? Why not?

THE BLONDE. I didn't know he—admired you.

THE BRUNETTE. Oh, yes, he admires me. He said I was one of the most sporting little girls he'd met. Liked me for taking an intelligent interest in his horses and dogs. We were the best of chums; went about everywhere together. (THE BLONDE *rises and goes to the window.*) But I never, never imagined the man was going to fall in love with me!

THE BLONDE. No. I never imagined it either. But—hadn't he said—anything?

THE BRUNETTE. Yesterday, when we were coming in from the stables, he said: "There's something I shall want to ask you about particularly to-morrow." I knew a dealer was coming to look at the collie-pups, and I thought Georgie wanted my advice about which he should sell. And this morning when they were out shooting, I got Aunt Anne's letter to say she particularly wanted me to come on here to-day for the dance because you were short of girls, so I packed up at once. At the station Mrs. Gossop said: "Oh, Georgie *will* be so disappointed not to see you again." I thought it was mere politeness. But perhaps his mother knew that what Georgie "particularly wanted"——

THE BLONDE (*with an effort*). Was to tell you he cared for you! You're not in love with him?

THE BRUNETTE (*warmly*). I like him awfully. He's a dear! So honest, and faithful, and jolly. And we've always got on so well together. Lots of people are quite happily married without being as fond of their husbands as I am of him. One might do much worse than marry Georgie Gossop!

THE BLONDE (*with averted face*). I suppose one might. So—you'll marry him?

THE BRUNETTE. I tell you I don't know whether he's asked me yet!

THE BLONDE. What do you mean?

THE BRUNETTE. Suppose the telegram were not from him at all! "G" for George might be George Winchester. You know Mr. Winchester the artist? He's been staying at Gossop's Court all the time I was there. He was out shooting when I left. And he—(*pauses*).

THE BLONDE (*eagerly*). He has been trying to make love to you?

THE BRUNETTE. People thought so. I thought he was merely trying to flirt! He made lots of sketches of me and said—oh, lots of absurd things about my eyes and hair. And after dinner yesterday he said: "Pretty lady, I have such a big favour to ask of you presently." I said: "What is it?" He said: "Oh, I can't tell you now, with all these crowds of people about." Well, Mrs. Gossop told me Mr. Winchester was going to beg me to sit for the Princess in his diploma picture, so I thought it was only that. And possibly, after all, it was a proposal!

THE BLONDE. If it were——

THE BRUNETTE. I should accept him.

THE BLONDE (*drawing a deep breath*). You're in love with him, then?

THE BRUNETTE. Not really. Grace, I believe a woman can only be really and truly in love once in her life. (*Very gravely.*) I've had my "once."

THE BLONDE. But it was five years ago; and he behaved so ba—so extraordinarily!

THE BRUNETTE (*indignantly*). He didn't! I was jealous. I made a scene. And he—disappeared, and no one knows if he's in South Africa or Hong Kong, or where! It was my fault.

THE BLONDE. Everybody says——

THE BRUNETTE. That "that fellow Somers" was an eccentric brute, and treated me disgracefully. Idiots! (*Stamps her foot.*) None of them were ever fit to black his boots! (*A pause.*) But Mr. Winchester is very clever, very amusing, very handsome. I believe I'm vain enough to be quite pleased at the thought of becoming a celebrity's wife. I believe—I rather hope—the telegram is from him!

THE BLONDE. O, I hope—I do hope it is!

THE BRUNETTE. It's sweet of you to take such an interest in my poor little affairs! Thank you, dear. (*Offers to kiss her.* THE BLONDE *turns rather an unresponsive cheek.*) Why—I believe you think it's odd of me to be ready to accept the proposal, whichever George it's from?

THE BLONDE (*half-heartedly*). Oh—no, I don't.

THE BRUNETTE. You do! (*With quick frankness.*) So do I! But both these Georges (*she flutters the telegram*) are quite—nice, and I'm—not the sort of woman who sinks gracefully into spinsterhood. No! It maddens me to see people looking at me, and whispering: "Why hasn't Erica got married? Is she still fretting over that affair of five years ago? Or hasn't she had any offers?" And

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when I see all the young cousins coming "out," even The Flapper with her hair up, and know that they look upon Erica as a page of ancient history— "Poor Erica! Poor, dear Erica! She's rather *passée*, isn't she?" Oh! (*With a little shudder.*) It may be very feminine and petty of me, but it's more than I can stand! And so I shall put an end to it by accepting this proposal from— G, for George. And G's for Gossop, too. I believe it's from Georgie.

The Blonde (*very pale*). Scarlet and gold. The Gossops motor!

THE BLONDE. It isn't like him to be so impulsive. I believe it's from George Winchester.

THE BRUNETTE. It isn't like him to propose at all! He never meant to get married——

THE BLONDE. Men never do! Is there a "reply paid" on the telegram?

THE BRUNETTE. Yes. And that's more like Georgie. But they might have known, both of them, that I should wait for to-morrow's post. In the meantime it's distracting.

THE BLONDE (*softly*). It is. (*A pause, during which she continues to stare out of the window.*) Oh!

THE BRUNETTE. What do you see, Sister Anne?

THE BLONDE. A motor-car coming down the drive. Oh, no (*with a gasp*); it can't be!

THE BRUNETTE (*jumping up*). What?

THE BLONDE (*very pale*). Scarlet and gold. The Gossops' motor!

THE BRUNETTE (*agitated*). Then it's Georgie!

THE BLONDE (*breathless*). Perhaps not! Perhaps Mr. Winchester insisted (*craning her head out of the window*). Oh, I can't see! They've turned behind the archway. (*A palpitating pause.*) Erica, what shall you say? (*A loud knock at the door.*) What will you do?

THE BRUNETTE (*desperately*). I think I shall hide under the bed!

(*The door bursts open. Enter* THE FLAPPER, *a slim, freckle-faced girl of 16, in a garden hat, a white blouse, and a brown holland skirt.*)

THE FLAPPER. My goodness, you two! What d'you think? Georgie Gossop has just buzzed up in his motor——

BOTH (*excitedly*). Then it was Georgie Gossop?

THE FLAPPER. Rather! I expect he's brought over some of the things Erica left behind her. I'm going down again to reconnoitre. (*Does so.*)

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The Flapper *(entering).* **Hullo! What's the matter with Grace?**

THE BRUNETTE (*resignedly*). And I suppose I had better dress and go down, too. (*Picks up, slowly, her skirt and blouse.*) Will you fasten me up, Grace? (THE BLONDE *does not stir.*) Grace! Why—what's the matter? You're crying!

THE BLONDE (*in a stifled voice*). I'm not.

THE BRUNETTE. You are! What is it? (*On her knees beside the other girl.*) I—I believe it's because Georgie Gossop has proposed to me! Is it? (THE BLONDE *sobs.*) Oh, you poor little thing! (*What a blind idiot I've been!*) Poor, poor darling! But it'll be all right. I won't have him. D'you hear? (*In hurried whispers.*) I'll refuse him at once. I don't want him. I won't——(*Another knock at the door.*) You can't come in!

THE FLAPPER (*outside*). Grace! Erica! Hurry up and come down!

THE BRUNETTE. Go away!

THE FLAPPER (*outside*). What's the matter? Can't you come down? Georgie Gossop has brought over a man to see Erica——

THE BRUNETTE. To see me? (*Relieved.*) There! Gracie, d'you hear? It's George Winchester! I'm so glad! Dear, dry your eyes; it isn't Georgie Gossop at all. It's only Mr. Winchester, Grace!

THE FLAPPER (*outside*). I do think you might come down. Georgie Gossop has brought over an enormous bunch of those Bashful Beauty roses. Come and look! (*Thumps the door.*) And, Erica, there's a——

THE BRUNETTE (*irritably*). Oh, come in! Don't stand out there making a noise, child. Come in, for goodness' sake!

THE FLAPPER (*entering*). Hullo! What's the matter with Grace?

THE BLONDE (*who is attempting at one and the same instant to powder her face, smooth her hair, and readjust her stock*). Nothing!

THE FLAPPER. Then you really are to come down and talk to Georgie Gossop. He wouldn't let me bring the roses up. Says he wants to give them to you himself.

THE BLONDE (*quickly*). To me?

THE FLAPPER. Yes, to you, of course. And there's a note for Erica from Mr. Somers——

THE BRUNETTE (*sharply*). What? What? (*Snatches the note.*)

THE BLONDE (*amazed*). From Geoffrey Somers?

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THE FLAPPER. Yes; the long, sunburnt creature who's come to see Erica. He's walking up and down in the hall like a wild beast asking for her——

THE BRUNETTE (*devouring her note*). "Amazed to hear you hadn't married——" Married!

THE FLAPPER. And Georgie Gossop's sitting like a stone monument behind his roses with nothing to say but "I didn't know she was at home! Thought she was still in Scotland"—meaning you, Grace.

THE BLONDE. Tell him I'm coming. Fly! (THE FLAPPER *flies.*) Erica!

THE BRUNETTE (*hysterically*). Yes; where's my other blouse? The red with the cream yoke. Geoff likes me best in red. (*Wildly.*) Geoffrey's come back!

THE BLONDE. What does he say?

THE BRUNETTE. I don't know. Nothing. Everything. Where's the belt?—"Came home yesterday. You must have missed my note to Gossop's Court. I couldn't wait——" (*Triumphantly.*) He couldn't wait!

THE BLONDE. Does he explain his extraordinary conduct five years ago?

THE BRUNETTE (*fiercely*). I don't suppose so. Why should he? I don't care. I'm going to marry him.

THE BLONDE. Marry Geoffrey Somers?

THE BRUNETTE (*defiantly*). I couldn't dream of marrying anybody else, could I?

THE BLONDE (*slyly, but blushing*). Not—Georgie Gossop?

THE BRUNETTE. Your property!

THE BLONDE. Nor George the Second—Mr. Winchester, who sent you that telegram?

THE BRUNETTE (*exasperated*). How can you be so silly? How could you ever imagine that Mr. Winchester sent me that? It was from Geoff. Don't you see? He always used to sign himself "G" on my dance-card—"G," for Geoffrey!

(*She dashes out of the room closely followed by* THE BLONDE. *The door slams behind them.*)

CURTAIN.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

DADDY'S GARDENER

I've come to apply for the gardener's post,
It's pulling up weeds that I hunger for most,
And picking sweet posies all day.
I can make chains of daisies and blow shepherd's clocks,
When you're stung by a nettle I'll fetch you big docks,
Which nurse says will drive pain away.

I shan't want any wages, I'm up with the lark,
And I like to be out till it's really quite dark;
I've a spade and a wheelbarrow too.
So please give me a trial, I'll be glad if you will,
I'm a strong little laddie and never get ill,
And I'd *love* to be gardener to you!

Philip Hemery.

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Cap & Bells

NOT HIS FAULT.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER: "Those soles I bought of you were not fresh."

FISHMONGER: "Well, marm, that be your fault; it ain't mine. I've offered you 'em every day this week, and you m'ght 'a' 'ad 'em days before if you'd 'a' loiked."

* * * * *

THE LOVER'S CHOICE.

I'd like to be the tiny shoe
With which my lady's shod,
That I, with all my sole, might kiss
The ground on which she trod.

I'd like to be the glove she wears,
For then, you understand,
I'd take the opportunity
To squeeze her little hand.

I'd like to be her looking-glass
(All hung about with lace),
And know no duty than to just
Reflect upon her face.

But, more than all, I'd like to be
Her ribbon belt, and haste
With absolute propriety,
To clasp her slender waist.

* * *

PROFIT AND LOSS.

"Goodness, child, don't eat so many sweets!"

"But, ma, you said I could have some sweets for taking that medicine."

"Of course, but so much will make you ill again."

"Well, ma, then I can take some more medicine and have some more sweets, can't I?"

ANXIOUS TO PLEASE.

"Don't boil it too long, Bridget, or you will spoil its colour."

"All roight, sorr," said the confident Bridget.

When the lobster appeared at table it was jet black.

"Hullo, Bridget," said the master of the house, "you have not boiled this as long as I told you."

"Oh, yes, sorr, I have, sorr, I did it jest as yer told me."

"But," said he, "if you had it would be red, not black."

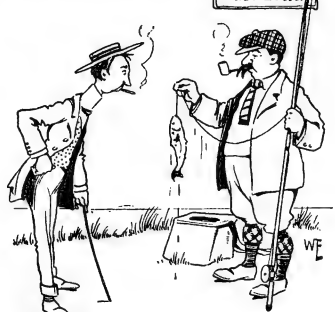
"Och, sure, it did go red, an' I thought I had boiled it too long, and spoilt its colour, as yez told me not to, sorr, so I blackleaded it."

* * *

EVERY CONFIDENCE.

"You seem to have a good deal of faith in doctors," said the friend to the invalid.

"I have," was the reply; "a doctor would be foolish to let a good customer like me die."



***Watson:* "What was the largest trout you ever caught, James?"**

***James:* "Let's see; what day of the week is this, Watson?"**

***Watson:* "Monday, I believe. What in the world has that to do with my question?"**

***James:* "Oh, nothing; only I think you'd better wait until Wednesday. I always like to get as far as possible from Sunday when I tell about my fishing experiences."**

[CAP AND BELLS continued overleaf]

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The Best Cocoa for YOUNG & OLD is Van Houten's Cocoa

A Cocoa you can enjoy.

BO'VRIL or BOV'RIL

How do YOU pronounce it? First tell us that.

Then estimate what the popular pronunciation will prove to be, and what majority it will have.

£500 IN PRIZES

—1st Prize £100; 2nd Prize £25; 5 of £5; 100 Prizes of £1; and 500 of 10/—

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I vote for.....*

I think.....* *will get most votes,*

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Write clearly and add your Name and Address.

A competitor may send in a card each month while the competition is open; but no competitor can receive more than one prize.

All cards must be sent in before 8th December, 1907, and the results will be published on Boxing Day in the 'Daily Express,' 'Standard,' 'Birmingham Gazette,' 'Bristol Daily Mercury,' 'Leeds Mercury,' 'North Mail,' 'South Wales Daily News,' 'Glasgow Record,' and 'Irish Daily Independent.' The decision of Messrs. Bovril Ltd. will be final. No correspondence.

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KOKO FOR THE HAIR.

Cleanses and Refreshes the Scalp, Feeds the Hair Follicles, Strengthens Thin, Weak Hair, Stops the Hair Falling, and absolutely Eradicates Dandruff.

The lady whose photo is reproduced here has used only "Koko" for many years.

"KOKO" makes the Hair Grow, and if used consistently imparts to it the beautiful WAVES so much admired. KOKO CONTAINS NO DYE OR GREASE.

If you want Bright, Soft, Wavy Hair send for the TRIAL BOTTLE mentioned below, there is sufficient in this bottle to last several weeks.

SPECIAL OFFER TO INTRODUCE OUR PINO HAIR COLOUR.

Anyone cutting out this Coupon and sending, together with 2/- and 4d. for postage, will receive by return, under plain cover, carriage paid, one 4/6 TRIAL BOTTLE of KOKO for the HAIR and one bottle of PINO HAIR COLOUR, 1/-size. PINO restores grey hair to its original colour in such a manner that its action is unnoticeable even by those in everyday touch with the user.

PINO and KOKO form a delightful hair tonic and colour combined. PINO does not give that DYED look to the hair, and will not stain the scalp or hands.

K 18. COUPON Nov., '07.

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The Home Pen.

How often, when mother is writing, curiosity gets the better of a child, and an upset inkstand means spoiled frocks and furniture. Inkstand accidents are things of the past if you use an "Onoto" Safety Fountain Pen that fills itself in five seconds. It holds sufficient ink to write 20,000 words. The ink flow can be regulated to suit the writer's needs.

The "Onoto" is so perfectly balanced it will not tire the writer's wrist. The nib is gold, pointed with iridium and cannot wear out.

Price 10/6 and upwards, of all stationers, etc.

Booklet about the 'Onoto" Pen free on application to Messrs. T. De La Rue & Co., Ltd., 181 Bunhill Row, E.C.

FILLS ITSELF IN 5 SECONDS

ONOTO

SELF-FILLING SAFETY FOUNTAIN PEN

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HER GRACE.

An Englishwoman of rank, a duchess, whilst kind-hearted in the main, was careless about many matters which affected the happiness of others, particularly the tradespeople whom she patronised. She was apt to forget to pay her bills until annoyance and sometimes distress ensued.

A milliner, whose large bill had been repeatedly ignored by the duchess, at last determined to send her little girl, a pretty child of ten years, to beg for the money which was so needed.

"Be sure to say 'your grace' to the duchess," said the anxious mother, and the child gravely promised to remember.

When, after long waiting, she was ushered into the duchess' presence, the little girl dropped a low curtsey, and then, folding her hands and closing her eyes, said: "For what I am about to receive may the Lord make me truly thankful."

As she opened her eyes and turned her wistful gaze on the duchess, that light-hearted person flushed very red, and without delay made out a cheque for the amount due to the milliner.

* * * *

LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.

"What is an orphan?" asked the teacher.

None of the children seemed to know.

"Well, I'm an orphan," said the teacher, as not too plain a cue.

A hand popped up, and the owner exclaimed:

"An orphan is a woman that wants to get married and can't."

* * * *

TWENTIETH CENTURY POLITICS.

Mrs. Brown-Jones: "Mrs. Smythe is opposing your nomination bitterly. Can't you conciliate her in any way?"

Mrs. Jones-Brown: "It is impossible. Twenty-four years ago I said that her baby was small for its age."

* * * *

Sportsman (to Snobson, who hasn't shot a single bird all day): "Do you know Lord Peckham?"
Snobson: "Oh, dear, yes. I've often shot at his house."
Sportsman: "Ever hit it?"

EASILY SETTLED.

Prominent Actress: "That man whom you recommended to me as a competent person to steal my two thousand pounds' worth of diamonds and then return them, was guilty of unprofessional conduct."

Manager: "Indeed! In what way?"

Prominent Actress: "He rea'ly and actually did steal them!"

Manager: "Oh, never mind. Here are fifteen pounds. Go and replace them."

* * *

CURING A HICCOUGH.

Mr. Smithkin had heard that a sure cure for hiccough was a severe fright. One evening, smoking at his fireside after supper, he was taken with hiccough, which continued in spite of all his efforts to check it.

Presently he got up suddenly from his chair, and called out in alarm to Mrs. Smithkin:

"I've lost my watch! I've lost my watch!"

Mrs. Smithkin hastened into the room.

"John Smithkin!" said she, "what do you mean? Why, you haven't done any such thing. Here's your watch all right in your vest pocket!"

"Do you think I don't know that?" said Mr. Smithkin. "I was just giving myself a severe fright, you know, to stop the hiccough."

* * * *

MORE THAN MEAN.

First Boy: "Your father must be an awful mean man. Him a shoemaker, and makin' you wear them old boots."

Second Boy: "He's nothin' to what your father is. Him a dentist, and your baby only got one tooth!"

* * * *

HEAR! HEAR!

"There is one sign that should be placed over every letter-box in the country."

"What is that?"

"Post no bills."

* * * *

A man who read in the paper that "if men would adopt the fashion of keeping boots on trees they would get ten times the wear out of them," has lost faith in the newspaper recipes. He hung his boots on a tree in the yard that very night, and next morning the boots were missing.

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A HEALTHY CHILD.

"Is your baby strong?"

"Well, I should say so. He moved the whole family out of bed at three o'clock this morning, and scientists say that that's the hour when everybody's strength is at its lowest point."

* * * *

HE KNEW WHAT WAS COMING.

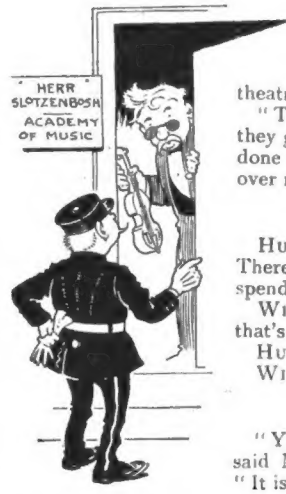
WIFE: "Come in, dear. Your supper's ready, your slippers are just where you can find them easily, and your pipe and tobacco are on the writing desk, handy for you."

"All right, Molly," groaned the tired, suspicious husband. "You can get that new hat to-morrow."

* * * *

THE VOICE OF PREJUDICE.

OLD-FASHIONED FARMER (to modern poultry-keeper): "So you use an incubator, do you? Well, I suppose they are all right; but to my mind chickens hatched in them things never taste like the natural ones."



"Excuse me," said the detective at the door of the music academy, "but I hope you'll give me what information you have and not make any fuss."

"What do you mean?" was the indignant inquiry.

"Why, that little affair, you know. We got a tip from the house next door that somebody here had been murdering Wagner, and the chief sent me down to work up the case."

Mrs. Lamkins: "Joshua, I am going to the dentist to have a tooth pulled out."

Mr. L. (with alacrity): "You mind the baby, Jenny; I'll go and get a tooth extracted."

DURING THE SPRING-CLEANING.

EXCITED INDIVIDUAL (entering with fingers and thumbs wrapped in bandages): "Is this where they swear people?"

NOTARY: "Yes, sir; what can I do for you?"

EXCITED INDIVIDUAL: "Give me the book. I want to take an oath never to hang up another picture."

* * * * *

A PUBLIC PURIFIER.

"My friend," said the solemn man, "have you ever done aught to make the community in which you live the better for your living in it?"

"I have done much, sir," replied the other humbly, "to purify the homes of my fellow-beings."

"Ah," continued the solemn man, with a pleased air, "you distribute tracts?"

"No; I clean carpets."

* * * * *

PROOF POSITIVE.

SHE: "Tell me, when you were in the Army were you cool in the hour of danger?"

HE: "Cool? Why, I shivered!"

REALISTIC.

"Really, the performance of 'Romeo and Juliet' was magnificently done; everyone in the theatre had tears in his eyes."

"That's nothing; last week, when they gave 'The Brigands,' it was so well done that when the performance was over my wife's bracelet was missing."

* * * *

THE UNEXPECTED.

HUSBAND: "Come here, Jennie. There goes the woman George Brown spends all his spare time with."

WIFE (rushing to the window): "Why, that's George Brown's wife."

HUSBAND: "Well, I know it is."

WIFE: "You brute!"

* * *

ETIQUETTE.

"You should never point, Johnnie," said Mrs. Grey as they left the shop. "It is very rude."

"But what are you to do, ma, when you don't know the name of the thing you want to see?"

"Why, let the man show you everything in the shop till he comes to the right one."

* * *

EVIDENCE.

BINGO: "Bobby, did you eat that little pie your mother made for you yesterday?"

BOBBY: "No. I gave it to my teacher."

BINGO: "Did she eat it?"

BOBBY: "I think so. There wasn't any school to-day."

* * * *

AN EXAMPLE.

MANAGER: "You do not inject enough contempt, spite, and venom into that word."

ACTRESS: "I can do no better."

MANAGER: "Nonsense. Speak it as you say 'plush' when you meet a rival in an imitation sealskin."

* * *

WHAT ISAAC GAVE.

"Oh, yes, my niece had a grand wedding; everyone gave her the most magnificent presents."

"And what was yours, Isaac?"

"Oh, I gave one of the toasts at the wedding breakfast."

Just she and I alone were there beneath the stars so calm and bright,
I told her that to me her cheeks were like twin lilies, pure and white;
But in the morning, as I brushed my powdered vest for half-an-hour,
I realised the lilies must have been some other kind of flour.

[*CAP AND BELLS continued overleaf.*]

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A BAD COLOUR SCHEME.

"My dear, don't you intend to invite Mr. and Mrs. Green to your party?" asked Mr. Biller.

"Certainly not!"

"Why not, my dear? They are good friends of ours."

"What if they are? I am going to invite Mr. and Mrs. Brown."

"Well, can't you invite the Greens as well?"

"Why, John Biller, you shock me with your taste! Brown and Green in my drawing-room together! Why, next you'll be asking me to wear blue and yellow. I declare, you men have no idea whatever of harmony."

* * * * *

A PROVERB UP TO DATE.

When walking in the busy street
(I'd rather walk than ride),
I feel my heart with rapture beat
If she is by my side,
And I can hear that sound—whose source
Is easy of divining—
I mean the rustling which, of course,
Betrays a silken lining.

Although severely tailor-made
Her modish coat and skirt
(Quite short with just a row of braid—
No dabbling in the dirt),
Still, as behind the darkest cloud
The sun is often shining,
The roughest serge may be allowed
To boast a silken lining!

* * * * *

QUITE THE CONTRARY.

"Well, Harry, what are you doing nowadays?"

"Writing for the press."

"Thankless sort of work, ain't it?"

"Bless your heart, no! 'Bout everything I write is returned with thanks."

* * * * *

SINGULARLY APPROPRIATE.

In a suburban church the other Sunday, a lady in passing up the aisle caught her dress on the corner of a pew and tore it. As the process of tearing was very audible to the congregation, the feelings of the lady may be imagined when at that moment the clergyman began the service by reading the sentence: "Rend your hearts and not your garments."

* * *

UNNECESSARY.

WIFE: "Dear me, you can never find a thing without asking me where it is. How did you get along before you were married?"

"Things stayed where they were put."

* * *

INCONSISTENT.

It is a noticeable fact that the melancholy individual who maintains that life is not worth living, always wears a chest-protector and goloshes.

Mrs. Brickbow: "How do you manage to persuade your husband to buy you such expensive bonnets?"

Mrs. Topflatte: "I take him shopping with me, walk him about until he can't stand, and then wind him up in a bonnet shop. He'll buy anything to get home."

PATIENCE.

A man trained a tiny stream of water to fall drop by drop on a rock, and in five years it had worn a hole seven inches deep in solid stone. He could have made the same hole in fifteen minutes with a chisel and hammer.

* * *

JUST AS WELL.

"Does smoking offend you?" asked a landlord of his newly-arrived boarder.

"Not at all."

"I'm very glad to hear it, as you will find your chimney is given to the practice."

* * *

A HOUSE OWNER IN THE CHAIR.

MAN IN BACK SEAT (rising): "Mr. Chairman, I wish to move——"

ABSENT-MINDED CHAIRMAN: "I've got several houses I'd like to — beg pardon, Mr. Williams. What is your motion?"

Waiter: "But, sir, if you can't give me your name and address, how can I send you home?"

Guest (suffering from the salmon and cucumber—and the punch): "Do you know, I've forgotten everything. But you wait a minute, waiter; just read the directory through to me, and when you come to my name I'll tell you!"

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

A Few Words in and out of Season.

A TREAT FOR XMAS READERS.

PERHAPS the most popular feature in THE ROYAL is the "Survivors' Tales," and for readers of this feature I have a great treat in store. In the grand, double Christmas number published next month, the survivor is an old Belgian lady of 103, Madame Anne Joséphine Rubay, who was not only in the vicinity of Quatre-Bras, Ligny, and Waterloo during the time the great battles were fought there, *but saw and spoke to the Emperor Napoleon.*

We noticed in some paper that such a person was indeed alive. After that we made careful inquiries, with the result that Mr. Wood went over to Belgium and learnt from Madame Rubay's lips the amazing tale set forth in our Christmas number.

I don't know how the figure of Napoleon strikes you; to me he always seems to have existed centuries ago, and to have become almost a legendary personality. To come across someone with whom he had really spoken was strange as a fairy tale. I can scarcely realise it. It was almost as though I had run up against someone who had partaken of wine and venison with King Arthur at his "Table Round" at Camelot!

WILL "A. W." SEND ME HIS ADDRESS?

"A. W." is a gentleman (or lady) whose intelligence is not quite on a par with his ambition and industry. About six months ago he sent me a play in rhymed heroic verse, and running to five acts. The mention of King Arthur in the previous paragraph reminds me of this, for the subject of "A. W.'s" grand effort is the story of that mythical monarch and his "Table Round." Well, the play was sent to me with the permission to publish it serially—an act a month—for the sum of a penny a line. There were about six hundred lines in each act, so for the small amount of twelve pounds I was to have the privilege of publishing this great tragedy. But, unhappily, we don't publish five-act tragedies—even though they are written in rhyme and contain lines such as these:

"I am King Arthur, as you all may know
If you perceive this crown upon my brow"—

as "A. W." might have discovered if he had been a careful reader of THE ROYAL.

But what am I to do with this immortal work? "A. W." not only neglected to send stamps for its return, he forgot to give me his address. Will he kindly make good both these omissions?

MANY THANKS.

So many letters have been sent me congratulating me on our recent cover designs that I cannot possibly reply to each individually. Let me thank all correspondents from this page. Their kind appreciation has given me great pleasure, and I assure them that they will see no falling off in the originality and beauty of our cover designs as the months roll on.

HAPPY MAN!

I have never before felt so grateful for being of the male persuasion as since the series of articles under the title of "The Woman Beautiful" have seen the light. The shoals of letters expressing heart-felt thanks for hints as to how the writer's appearance may be improved, or bitterly bewailing physical imperfections, has filled me with a great content. Fancy if, added to the many woes of this life, one had to worry about one's looks! The thought is horrible, and my sympathy goes out to the fairer sex, together with my sincere hope that the series of articles in question will materially assist in lightening one of the many cares that beset their troubled existence.

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